THE ENGLISH REVIEW

NEW SERIES JULY, 1931 No. 2.

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F. Yeats Brown
ROBARTS OF ROBARTS' HORSE.

Rt. Hon. James F. Hope
THE "IDIOTS" AND THE NATION.

Douglas Woodruff
THE HILPE CORRESPONDENCE.

Book Reviews
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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

25th Year of Publication

NEW SERIES — No. 2

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

The Mind of a Darwinist

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—A few years ago Mr. H. G. Wells thoughtlessly engaged Mr. Belloc on the subject of Darwinism. The result was a shattering defeat for Mr. Wells.

The defeat rankled and, I think, the higher critic is justified in attributing to Mr. Wells the principal responsibility for a remarkable blunder in *The Outline of Science.*

The *Outline* originally appeared in fortnightly parts. Vol. XIII, from which I quote, lies before me.

On page 400 the authors write as follows :—

"We lay this much stress on this fact that selection *is* selection and not production, not because we lack any respect for our readers' intelligence, but because there exists a voluminous foolish literature of controversy in which Darwin is alleged to have taught that Natural Selection, in Heaven knows what inconceivable way, *produced* variations. Thereupon he is trounced, disposed of, burnt in controversial effigy and generally made an end to. Some victim of such mephitic controversy may chance to breathe the purer air of this work."

The mind of a Darwinist is an interesting phenomenon. In his conscious moments a Darwinist realizes the absurdity of crediting Natural Selection with the power to produce variations. Subconsciously the pious Darwinist seems to be obsessed with the superstition that Natural Selection *does* produce variations.

On page 404 Mr. Wells asks our attention for a case of Natural Selection "as a fosterer of variations." Here is a case we quote," writes Mr. Wells, "from Mr. J. B. S. Haldane's admirable *Possible Worlds.*" Mr. Wells then proceeds to quote Mr. Haldane as follows. The italics are my own, and the misquotation in italics is Mr. Wells'.

"The assertion is still sometimes made that no one has ever seen Natural Selection at work *in the production of new characters.*" Does Mr. Wells proceed to denounce Mr. Haldane for asserting that Natural Selection produces "new characters"? Does he invite our compassion for Mr. Haldane as the victim of "mephitic controversy"? He does not. Instead he proceeds with evident satisfaction to quote a case cited by Mr. Haldane under the impression that Natural Selection does, after all, produce new characters.

Mr. Haldane quotes the case of some moths which inhabited a wood in which light birches were gradually replaced by dark pine. As a result, the lighter moths which naturally showed up more easily against the dark pines than against the light birches, were gradually exterminated. On this I commented: "Natural Selection, you told us, has been seen at work in the production of *new characters.*

(*Continued on page* vi)

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Where are these new characters? White moths are being exterminated—grante —but no new characters are being created," etc.

The comment was just assuming that the quotation was correct, but no comes the curtain.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Haldane in which he draws my attentio to the fact that he has been gravely mis-quoted and that the words *in the produc tion of new characters* do not occur in his book *Possible Worlds*. The situation delicious.

Mr. Wells (*a*) denounces all those who assert that Natural Selection produce new characters; (*b*) hunts about for some evidence that after all Natural Selectio does produce new characters; and (*c*) quotes a case of Natural Selection at wor mentioned by Mr. Haldane and attributes Mr. Haldane—to quote Mr. Haldan himself—an " obviously silly remark " to buttress up his secret, unavowed hop that Natural Selection after all proves more creative than he had ever dared t suspect.

My duty is obvious. First of all I offer, on Mr. Well's behalf and my own our joint most sincere apologies to Mr. Haldane for attributing to him a statemen which struck Mr. Wells as very sage but which struck Mr. Haldane and myself a " obviously silly."

Secondly, I offer every reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW my own sincer apologies for accepting without due verification any statement made by a Darwinis in support of Darwinism.

I must plead in extenuation having been misled by Mr. Belloc who, in hi attack on Mr. Wells, stated that Mr. Wells is " exceedingly accurate in his use o references, books and proof-reading."

Had I consulted my own book, *The Flight From Reason*, in which Mr. Haldan is correctly quoted, I should have been saved the necessity for making this apology On page 176 of this book I wrote as follows :—

" The assertion is sometimes made that Natural Selection can be seen at work Of course it can. A severe epidemic is an example of Natural Selection at work The fittest are the last to succumb. And the other examples of Natural Selectio at work, e.g. those in Professor Haldane's interesting book *Possible Worlds*, hav no more bearing than the case of the epidemic on the real question at issue, th power of Natural Selection to transform one species into another."

I had bought Mr. Haldane's book in Venice and left it with other books i Switzerland. I should not, however, have taken this quotation from *The Outlin of Science* without realizing that *The Outline of Wells* obtruded itself into Mr Haldane's cautious comments on a case which, as Mr. Haldane himself realizes merely helps to confirm our faith in that great truism that those who survive ar those who are most fitted to survive.

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD LUNN.

[Brigadier-General E. L. Spears replied in the June number of the ENGLIS REVIEW to an article entitled " Marshal Foch and His Military Testament," by Brigadier-General J. H. Morgan, which appeared in the May issue. Owing t illness Brigadier-General Morgan has been unable to deal with the points raise in Brigadier-General Spears' letter, but his reply will appear in the August issue.]

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1931

Current Comments

Finance takes Fright.

THE financial breakdown of Austria has precipitated a flight from the mark which would not only have made a German default under the Young Plan inevitable, but have jeopardized the safety of the very large foreign investments in, and loans to, Germany. These are mostly American, and this fact has prompted Mr. Hoover's offer of a moratorium on American debt payments by her European creditors, conditional on a similar moratorium being granted by them to their own creditors. Whether this will save the German financial system, or will give it the *coup de grâce* by precipitating a European political crisis is quite uncertain as we write. The "snag" lies, of course, in the pressure which Mr. Hoover's scheme puts on France, who alone in Europe stands to lose substantially more than she gains.

We shall hear much in the next few days of the hope that "commonsense will prevail." We trust it will, but the hope will not be furthered by talking uncommon nonsense about French obstinacy. It will be difficult to induce the French people to submit to substantial additional taxation in order to relieve Germany of the "unconditional" annuities due from her. Perhaps such relief is not intended. The position may be clearer by the time these notes appear. What remains is the lesson of the present crisis. It has been brought about by the refusal of European and American politicians to face facts.

A Chequered Story.

TALKS between the English and German statesmen at Chequers and between financiers in Washington, London and Berlin can create conditions favourable to

the appeasement of Europe, but they cannot secure it. As our German correspondent, quoted by Sir Charles Petrie in this month's issue, explains, the move to the right in Germany continues. Germany is going through a crisis graver even than our own, and inevitably the number of those who blame it on the Treaty of Versailles increases. We are paying in the present dangerous situation the price of an excessive vindictiveness followed by an excessive encouragement to the advocates of treaty revision. The result is a vicious circle in which the alarm of France provokes the indignation of Germany, and the expression of that indignation increases French alarm. Our task is that of re-establishing mutual confidence, and in that task Mr. Arthur Henderson has the support of all parties. But as long as pacific German politicians of the Centre have to talk the language of the Right in order to keep in office the task is well-nigh impossible. The German Chancellor stands by the League, but the German people have given it no more than a conditional adherence. The acceptance by all signatories to the Versailles Treaty of the proposed Austro-German customs union, and the acceptance by France of the financial sacrifice involved by a complete moratorium, will, in the long run, be dependent not on the opinions of international lawyers and bankers, but on the readiness of Germany to accept and guarantee the other still disputed provisions of the Versailles Treaty. The path to peace is across these difficult obstacles. There is no way round.

Principal and Interest.

STUDENTS of the theory of principal and interest will have learnt much from the recent events in the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George and his followers stand for the principle that there must be no differential taxation of land as such. Mr. Snowden and his party are only interested—so far—in averting the principle. Happily the discord of principle is resolved by a harmony

of interest. Mr. Snowden is resolved to remain in office and Mr. Lloyd George's followers are resolved not to return to their constituencies. The result is a new contribution to practical economics, for a way has been found after centuries of research whereby the interest can be retained after the principal has been lost. If Mr. Lloyd George can extend the benefits of this new art to investors in British industrial securities he may yet reconcile British industry to the return of the Liberal Party to office!

The Dream fades.

FAILING success in achieving such a wider application of his new art, we greatly fear that the country will be unimpressed by the Liberal Party amendment. It certainly amends the Liberal Party, by depriving it of its last vestige of title to the honourable epithet of Liberal. It has pledged its support to the predatory and vindictive taxation of its political opponents. It has acquiesced in an injustice which it admits in pursuit of its own illegitimate desire to evade the verdict of the electorate. It has pleaded as its excuse the imperative necessity of preventing the assumption of office by the party which, on its own admission, would be returned to office if an election were held. In other words, it has perjured its allegiance not only to the principle of justice but to its own political principle of democratic government. Its policy has, in fact, been determined by the personal distrust of Mr. Lloyd George for Mr. Baldwin, and has, in fact, done nothing but ensure that Mr. Baldwin will be returned by a larger majority. Meanwhile, the land tax has yet to pass into law.

The Counter-Revolution.

WHILE the flight from reason continues here, intellectual circles on the Continent, working in an atmosphere more free from inherited prejudice, are beginning (outside Spain) to realize that the great demo-

cratic experiment has failed, not from inexperience, greed or lack of goodwill, but because it is based on a fundamental misconception of the nature and needs of the political animal. We print in this number a remarkable discussion of this misconception by an eminent German publicist, Wilhelm Stapel. The theory which he puts forward in this article is one of the cardinal principles animating that "stirring of the mind" of contemporary Europe which may be suitably called the Counter-Revolution and which is slowly rising to the intellectual leadership of our times. As was the case with the Counter-Reformation, its full significance will not at first be apparent. But in due course its effects will be apparent.

Coal into Oil.

WE published last month an article by a very distinguished gas engineer on the legend of coal into oil. This article ought to be read by every member of Parliament interested in the navy or in the problem of the coal industry. It is, as far as we know, the first attempt to state dispassionately and with technical authority the facts of this rather complicated matter. It was published at a time when the Government were defending the conversion of the navy to oil fuel on the ground that we should at no distant date be independent of foreign supplies, and when at the same time they were endeavouring to excuse themselves to a bankrupt coal industry by prophecies of a great revival associated with the foundation of a British oil industry. Mr. Alwyne Meade's article made the following facts clear :—

(*a*) that the low temperature carbonization process has as its main object the production of a solid smokeless fuel which yields oil only as a by-product in small quantities;

(*b*) that the process is economically valueless

except when a demand exists on the spot for the solid smokeless fuel.

[It may be mentioned in passing, the advocates of this process no longer ask the Admiralty to use their oil, but instead ask them to use their pulverized fuel !]

(*c*) that the hydrogenation process produces not an oil but a petrol, which is not the fuel which the navy requires;

(*d*) that this petrol is more than four times the price of natural petrol.

The question of our fuel supplies is one which in the light of these facts demands immediate re-investigation.

"The Times" Chaperones M. Rueff.

ONE of the chief claims made by the Labour Party in their last election programme was that they were going to reduce unemployment by the bold expedient of increasing the purchasing power of the masses and so stimulating the home market. This is an expedient which attracts every amateur economist, from the old lady who breaks her windows to help the glass trade down to the American advocates of hire purchase who until the recent slump saw no limit to the prosperity which could be built up by the wholesale creation of consumer credit. We have frequently pointed out in these notes that the drawback to the theory that an increase in consuming power promotes employment is the fact that it has been accompanied by a steady increase in unemployment. A French economist, M. Rueff, first introduced to the English public by M. Siegfried in his book on England's crisis, has worked out an ingenious statistical illustration of this fact. He has taken out a curve of the ratio of wages to wholesale prices—has found that this curve in its ups and downs since 1919 follows almost exactly the curve for unemployment. That is to say, when, as in 1922, 1923, and 1924, falls in nominal wages accompanied falls in prices, unemployment fell, whereas whenever, as in

1920, 1921, and from 1926 onward, wholesale prices fell and wages did not, then unemployment increased as the gap between wages and prices increased, and in direct proportion to such increase.

That a French economist should have put two and two together is perhaps not surprising—it is a national habit—but that *The Times* should have so far overlooked the offence as to have introduced M. Rueff to their columns is significant.

The Lesson of the "Rueff" Curves.

IT is equally wrong, in the light of the facts as disclosed by M. Rueff's curves, to attribute unemployment to low prices or high wages, as such. The significant factor is not the disproportion between internal but between wholesale prices and wages. In other words, it is the failure of British manufacturers and distributors to bring their prices down proportionately to the fall in world commodity prices which is the root of the evil. This failure is mainly due to two well-defined causes, the "pegging" of wages by the threat of direct action by the trades unions and the burden of rates and taxes, leading to a virtual pegging of salaries and necessitating an unusual disparity between the prime and manufactured cost if profits are to be maintained. But for the pegging of wages and the ruinous rate of Government and municipal expenditure retail prices and nominal wages and salaries would have followed wholesale prices on the downward curve and real wages could have been roughly maintained, even in the existing depression, without anything approaching the present volume of unemployment.

Trade Cycles and Unemployment.

IT is, of course, true that a good deal of our unemployment is due to the world depression, but it is not true that unemployment is the *necessary* result of trade depression. The causes, ultimately social, political and psychological, of these epochs of depression are well

enough known. Till human nature changes they must always recur periodically and must always lead from time to time to a shrinkage in effective demand. It is ridiculous to say, as some do, that the demand is always there, because the effective demand is not—from the producer's end—that of the consumer, but of the intermediate agencies whose essential task it is to finance production now in the interests of consumption sometime. Their ability to perform this service at a price which adequately remunerates the producer is necessarily governed largely by financial, fiscal, and political considerations. When these are unfavourable we get " bad trade," accompanied by falling prices and the extrusion of the marginal producer.

Why Trade Depression will continue.

FROM this source of impoverishment, which rapidly becomes world-wide, arises a general shrinkage of such portions of the export trade as, not being the mere exchange of manufactured goods, represents the payment made to the primary producers by the rest of the world. The result under normal conditions is a general fall in the wealth of every country, wealth consisting only and always of goods available for exchange. This shrinkage in the value of the exchangeable goods produced in each country is followed, again given normal conditions, by an equivalent *general* fall in wages and profits, this leading directly to a fall in internal prices, with a return in due course to the pre-depression standard of real wages, and an era of cheap money leading to a renewed expansion of production. **Our trouble to-day is that, for this normal result of bad trade, with its equally normal and natural remedies, we have substituted an abnormal result, i.e. unemployment, for which there is no normal and natural remedy.**

Why should things not get worse ?

UNFORTUNATELY, this is not the end of the story. Our attitude of sentimental optimism towards un-

employment is not merely tending to stabilize a desperate situation, but it is weakening every day our capacity to palliate that situation by relief measures. It is simply untrue to say, as *The New Statesman* said last month, that those who say that we shall "break down under the financial strain of maintaining the unemployed . . . know in their hearts, even while they speak, that they are talking nonsense." Let us ask our learned contemporary one question. From what source are bankrupt industries to pay wages and from what source is the State to collect taxes on the present scale once the industries are bankrupted? The bulk of our population (and it is true of all classes without exception) are consuming in goods and services an amount substantially in excess of the exchange value of the goods they are producing. The deficit is being met out of loans, reserves, accumulated profits or overdrafts. And even so the accounts, alike of the nation and of industry, remain unbalanced.

Are the bright spots so bright ?

IT is true that many industries catering for the home market have been until very recently, and that some are still, making profits. But these profits depend directly on the ability of the basic industries and the State itself to continue the payment of salaries and wages and the provision of services in excess of their revenue-earning capacity. Every company that goes bankrupt, every dividend that is passed, lessens at one and the same time the demand on the home market and the income available for taxation.

The Chance for a Statesman.

WE are a long way, no doubt, from the breaking point. We have immense reserves of capital and credit. If the income tax yield is already diminishing, the yield from death duties is still immense. British goods can still hold their own for quality in the world's markets, and we have the assets of our foreign investments and our

work as the greatest carriers of the world's trade. But every one of these assets is diminishing. We are approaching an adverse trade balance and an unbalanced budget. We are spending tens of millions a year of capital as income. How long is this to continue before the public are told the truth? The tragedy is that no one will face the obvious facts that (*a*) wage and salary reductions are necessary and (*b*) that equal sacrifices must be made by all classes. If the national effort which will have to be made some time is postponed till our reserves are exhausted, our foreign investments realized and our future savings mortgaged, the sacrifice necessary from all classes will be a permanent one. To tell the nation the truth now is the first duty not only of statesmen, but of politicians. The party which first faces the issue bravely will be the party to which the electorate—at present tolerantly indifferent of all parties—will rally with a new hope.

The Gregory Commission's Report.

THE Commission appointed to consider the question of Unemployment Insurance has presented a workmanlike but uninspired report. Its general tenor is that all is for the worst in the best of all possible worlds. They nearly balance the fund by reducing the number of beneficiaries and the amount they receive and by increasing the contributions. They keep the State liability for transitional benefit (i.e. the dole proper) roughly at £35,000,000, by the same expedients. The effect of all their recommendations is to leave a supplement of £35,000,000 to be found by the taxpayer even after the reduction of benefit, the abolition of anomalies, and the increase of the official State contribution, and, at the end even of all that, to leave a deficit of over £7,000,000 a year to be raised by loan.

We must not assume from this that the Commission, like everyone else, have persuaded themselves that the rate of taxation, the rate of expenditure, and the sub-

sidization of unemployment are not the causes, but the remedies for unemployment, unemployment being something which will cure itself. But if they have not so persuaded themselves it would have been better to have confined their interim report to "anomalies" pure and simple.

"An Original Sinner."

WE published last month a story by Mr. Osbert Burdett under this title. It was a story dealing sardonically with life as it has been lived by non-Christians for thousands of years. It lacked the note of moral indignation which satire can properly employ, but which is alien to the comedy of manners whose weapons are ridicule and contrast. We refer to this story because some of our readers have done so. They regret the tone of levity with which the theme of a man who discards a mistress in order to make a *marriage de convenance* was treated.

We, for our part, regret the levity with which the modern world has discarded Christian morality. To point out that the modern world in doing so has made a fool of itself seems to us a salutary thing. No useful purpose is served, and much harm is done, by pretending that the Christian standards of morality are the standards by which the world lives to-day. If there are any adults who are living under this false impression, the sooner they are undeceived the better. One of the tasks of our age, in our view, is to reassert the sacredness of that most sacred of all human institutions, the family. But we cannot spend our lives in the pulpit or even beneath it. The thunder of the most eloquent moralist palls after a time, and much that survives denunciation will wither under ridicule. To laugh at man's folly a man must be conscious of it. And that is more than half the battle.

An Original Scientist.

READERS of Mr. Arnold Lunn's attack on Mr. Wells and Mr. Huxley in our last issue will read with amuse-

ment his letter in the current number. Our contributor quoted from Mr. Wells's "Outline of Science" what professed to be a quotation from Professor Haldane to the effect that natural selection produced variations of species. It now appears that this eminent biologist said nothing of the kind; and he strongly resents the imputation that he did. So much for Darwinism in Cambridge in the twentieth century. A little more of this and we shall believe everything that the politicians tell us about progress. But enough. The full story is to be found in our correspondence columns. It is an extremely good one.

The Navy: History Confirms Logic.

ANXIETY with regard to past and present naval policy has recently been aroused by the publication of "The Navies of To-day and To-morrow," the author of which, Captain Acworth, contributes an article on our Maritime Apostasy to the current number of this REVIEW. The anxiety and questionings that have been raised by Captain Acworth will be strengthened rather than allayed by the appearance of the fifth and final volume of "Naval Operations," the official history of the naval campaign begun by Sir Julian Corbett and now completed by Sir Henry Newbolt. This official account of the opposition of Lord Jellicoe and the Admiralty War Staff to that system of convoy which saved the country at the eleventh hour from disaster, and of the repeated failure to bring German squadrons and flotillas to action, bears out and, indeed, emphasizes the errors of naval doctrine which Captain Acworth has so lucidly and ably exposed.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

India—a Breathing Space

By C. Forbes Adam, C.S.I.

"IN conclusion I may add that I have received a number of letters from all parts of the country expressing agreement with this view." After this manner, an increasing majority of politicians reinforce the public expression of their opinions. It appears that they feel there is little force in the opinion of an individual, however distinguished, but much force in the opinion of a group, however composed. Certainly the state of political opinion in England lends much colour to this view. *Vox populi* has become the sole criterion by which decisions are made, and the belief is rapidly becoming current that the consent of the governed is all that is necessary to make a given measure not only politically expedient, but also wise and right. Our leaders of political thought appear indeed to be leaning towards the view that Government fulfils its whole duty if it keeps its ear to the ground, and carries out any wishes of which it may happen to catch the expression. This view may or may not be right in regard to our insular affairs. It is undeniably unfortunate that it should, apparently, have been at the root of the present Government's policy in regard to India. For in the East the reputation of a Government for wisdom and sanity is certainly not judged by such standards. Countries which have for centuries been guided by an autocratic tradition are very apt to regard a Government which pays too eager attention to popular clamour—not as an amiable Government—but only as lacking in the strength which is the first requisite of good administration. The prestige of such a Government declines, its difficulties increase, and its servants become disheartened and demoralized.

This process began in India from the moment that the idea gained ground in England that insufficient attention was being paid to the aspirations and sentiments of the groups of politically minded Indians. Although

these groups did not all agree together, and although they represented only a small proportion of the whole population, it was suddenly conceived that the Government of India's difficulties could be disposed of by concession to their clamour. The new policy was carried dangerously far by the declaration in regard to Dominion Status, and inevitably that proclamation was followed by an organized campaign of law-breaking. As the policy was pursued with greater fervour, so the intensity of the wave of lawlessness increased. But none the less by the autumn of last year this country found itself plunged into a veritable storm of sympathetic concession to Indian expressions of opinion. The policy of concession developed into something that nearly resembled a stampede: the exhaustive labours and careful conclusions of the Simon Commission were dropped like a hot coal in response to the demands of Indian politicians: the proposals of the Government of India appeared for a moment, only to be submerged and lost to sight: the Round Table Conference opened in a flood of sympathy and understanding, and new policies, new methods, new solutions, tumbled over one another. Those who sat down at the Round Table were treated to an orgy of constitutional fare. Provincial Autonomy, all-India Federation, Responsible Government at the Centre—dish after dish, many of them extremely indigestible, were crammed into their mouths. The anxieties of those in England who followed the proceedings were lulled, when they arose, by arguments which had only a remote connection with the subject under discussion. The public were continually urged to believe that by accepting the conclusions of the Conference, they would be helping to preserve a united front, or displaying a personal loyalty; they were even invited to think that they would be striking a blow against Press domination, or holding the fort against the forces of political reaction.

The Mahomedans were the first to whom it occurred

that their digestion might be permanently impaired, if the feast continued. The Conference broke up shortly afterwards, but the policy was continued with determination. Almost before the delegates returned to India, negotiations were opened with Gandhi, and everything possible was done to suggest to India and the World that this arch exponent of sedition and reaction was the supreme arbiter of the situation. Although he had previously scorned and done his best to obstruct all efforts at accommodation, and had consistently attacked and flouted the authority of Government, he was now invited to negotiate, and to take a leading part in future deliberations. And while this bewildering spate of discussion and negotiation was gaining ground, the tale of violence and bloodshed was increasing in India at the same time, until it reached its climax in the bitter orgy of communal hatred at Cawnpore.

The full story of that gruesome massacre has now at last been made public. Although the detailed report of the Commission of Inquiry has not yet reached us in this country, by a curious and no doubt deliberate perversion of natural sequence, we have been made acquainted with the views of the Government of the United Provinces upon its findings. And the resolution which contains these views tells us quite enough upon which to form our conclusions. The story is a dreadful one indeed—a story of bitter religious animosity bursting out into a climax of bloodshed, unrestrained by the authority of Government. That authority, we perceive, had been steadily growing weaker as the movement for Civil Disobedience was allowed to spread, and finally became so slight a thing in the city of Cawnpore that it possessed no power, and apparently no will, to function in restraint of arson and murder. Nor, unfortunately for our imperial reputation, is Cawnpore an isolated case. In response to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Benn made public the information last week that, since the beginning of the year,

twenty-two riots have taken place in India, in which 349 persons "are known" to have lost their lives. Now we learn that at Cawnpore alone the killed numbered over 400, and we cannot forget the black record of last year, and the tragedies at Peshawar and Sholapur, with their long deathroll.

Cawnpore is the culmination of a series; and each event in it has added to the weight of evidence by which we are forced to conclude that a policy of self-effacement in response to political clamour produces results no less terrible than a policy of blind self-assertion. Both are equally the outcome of a too self-conscious attitude. Had the Government in England and the Government in India been less concerned with the appearance which their behaviour might take on in the eyes of observers: had they been concentrated simply and singly upon their essential functions—the punishment of malefactors, the preservation of respect for the law, and the guardianship of the interests of the masses—there is reason to believe that India might have been spared much suffering, and the British Empire much shame.

Even Cawnpore does not appear to have induced a reconsideration of policy. Fortunately, however, circumstances have intervened to cause a lull in the whirlwind of constitution-making. Those who created that whirlwind, and have watched it eagerly in the hope that it would sweep all sanity and prevision out of the constitution of India, are undoubtedly dismayed at the breathing space which has supervened. They are afraid that it will give everybody concerned time to reflect, and they know that reflection will be very damaging to the cause they have at heart.

The Moslems have been reflecting anxiously: they are realizing what will be the effect upon their position, if the tendencies made visible at the Conference are allowed to develop; and the result has been to put the whole community very sternly upon the defensive.

Although they had loyally kept themselves apart from the Civil Disobedience movement, and honestly participated in furthering the Government's policy of negotiation, they found that the result was coming dangerously near to the establishment of a Hindu Raj. The adhesion of the Princes to the Federal proposal constituted a definite warning of this danger. After the Conference they saw the leaders of the extreme Hindu movement actively encouraged by the Government, and placed in the position of protagonists in the attempt at settlement: and finally, Hindu efforts to coerce the Moslems into the Civil Disobedience movement reached such a pitch that open warfare broke out in four separate centres in the United Provinces within the space of one month. It is hardly to be wondered at that they are adopting a defensive and wary attitude.

The Princes are reflecting also: they are having time to investigate the practical implications of the willingness to federate which their spokesmen expressed at St. James's. The continued silence of the Hyderabad State, the largest and among the most important of all, is hardly encouraging: while the difficulties and disadvantages which lie ahead of the small states can only become more clearly apparent, the more closely they are investigated. Curiously enough, there are not lacking indications that the politicians of British India have also been investigating the question of the States with considerable anxiety.

The moment does, therefore, appear to have arrived when British opinion may also profitably take stock of the whole situation and realize what have been, and will be, the results of the present policy. In particular it does seem possible now at last to assess with some accuracy the value of the Delhi Agreement. This Agreement was the final act of self-effacement on the part of the Government established in India, and it was hailed as a triumphant victory for that

policy and a solvent of all difficulties. But now that we have time to review the situation, we are compelled to revise that estimate. It is becoming more and more evident that, at the moment when the Delhi negotiations began, the Civil Disobedience movement was faced with very serious difficulties. This movement, and particularly its boycott activities, needed very large funds to keep it going—the vast army of "volunteer" picketers required their daily pay and rations, and the Indian merchants who had originally regarded contribution to the Congress Funds as a sound commercial investment, were beginning, in the absence of dividends, to tire of the constant calls upon their pockets. Enthusiasm, too, was beginning to wane. Those leaders who remained at large found it increasingly difficult to maintain their followers' emotions at the fever pitch which was essential for such unremitting toil: and at the same time the other branches of Congress activity, such as the Agrarian agitation, and the anarchistic propaganda of the Youth League, were beginning seriously to alarm the propertied classes. In fact, the Extremist Leaders were faced with the near prospect of defeat. They had in no way weakened the potential strength of Government—their own forces were disintegrating—and with the interest aroused in India by the Round Table Conference their personal prestige and influence had greatly deteriorated. Moreover, there was no step towards recovery available to them: to reverse their policy of Non-Co-operation would have been to confess defeat, to continue it would lead to isolation and obscurity.

Such was the position in February of this year, and now, four months later Gandhi and his extremist colleagues are in complete control: his army is at large again; his prestige is greater than ever it was; and his word is to be final in regard to the future of India. And all this has been brought about not by some miraculous accident, but by the deliberate action

of the power he is fighting to destroy. Certainly self-effacement could go no further.

There are also certain particular misconceptions which had an important effect upon public opinion in England, and require therefore to be closely investigated. Perhaps the most considerable of these was that which arose in regard to the attitude of Europeans in India. The newspapers gave us to understand that the great body of European opinion, both official and non-official, was definitely in favour of the policy of self-government and concession. But we heard very little in this country of the undoubtedly widespread volume of criticism which existed among the non-official European community—most strongly in Calcutta—but equally definitely in other centres. The opinions to which prominence was given were those of the politicians among the European business men, and those of the small official circle which works at Delhi. As to the former, it has to be remembered that the support which they accorded to the Government's policy was contingent upon a fundamental assumption—the assumption that the Government in England was committed, both by its published programme and its natural inclinations, to concession, and that there was no reason to suppose that public opinion in England could be sufficiently aroused to prevent the relaxation of British control. Starting from this assumption, it was perfectly natural that they should reason—as undoubtedly they did reason—as follows: "Indians are the people among whom we live, and with whom we do business: the Government of Great Britain clearly intends to hand over control of India to Indians as soon as possible. Whatever we may think about this we are powerless to prevent it, so let us like sensible men immediately make sure that those who will soon control our destinies have no cause for grievance or ground for hostility against us." In fact they were not arguing the case upon its merits at all, but treating

it largely, if not entirely, from the point of view of immediate expediency. The fact of their support is not therefore relevant to the decisions which may have to be taken here.

The official point of view also can only be assessed at its true value, if it is always remembered that it is the point of view of that comparatively small section which has been forced since the Reforms to add the rôle of politician to the normal duties of a Civil Servant. These officials, working in the secluded atmosphere of Delhi, or on the isolated heights of Simla, have no direct contact with the life of the masses, or even of the big industrial towns, but are brought into very intimate contact with Indian professional politicians. For them, the important thing is to get the proposals of Government carried through the Assembly; and it is a dispiriting task enough in the face of an Opposition, which may at any moment be capable of defeating them, and is at the same time entirely irresponsible. Before very few months of this kind of life are over, the hard-worked official begins to attach an immensely exaggerated importance to the views of the professional politicians, and also to feel, in his harassment, and despair, that almost any constitution would be better than the one which at present is overloading him with useless work, impeding material progress, and destroying the efficiency of the administration. Considerations of political tactics are given a prominence which in Indian conditions is out of all due proportion, and India is fatally apt to be visualized primarily as a country of educated and politically minded inhabitants, instead of a land of illiterate peasants.

In addition to these particular misconceptions, the picture has been given a general outline which is dangerously inaccurate. The first volume of the Simon Commission's Report provided an outline which was unassailably true, but in the atmosphere of sentiment which prevailed at the time, the Report was jettisoned;

and the work of constitution-making began in an enthusiastic agreement to disregard facts and pay attention only to feelings. But facts cannot be permanently disregarded, and feelings are evanescent, as we are now at leisure to perceive. The work which was done in London upon the foundation of a wave of sentiment, is now seen to be impermanent, and we are being forced back to the steadier and more scientific conclusions formed by Sir John Simon and his colleagues.

Federation is to be the ultimate goal of our policy, but it is a goal which can only be reached by the expenditure of much patient toil. The obstacles to be overcome before India gets in sight of it are many and formidable. They did not all fall down flat at the sound of the Princes' acceptance; on the contrary, they remain as stubborn as ever. The Princes at the Conference rendered a service of immense value to India by making possible for the first time a definite objective towards the achievement of which India's future could be directed. But they did not work a miracle, and it is unkind to them, and extremely harmful to the interests of India, to pretend that they did, and that a Federal India can be expected to-morrow. We have not even yet got the autonomous units which are the first requisites towards Federation. When these constituent units have been formed and are functioning successfully, the next difficulty will be to secure agreement among them all in regard to the amount of their autonomy which they are each prepared to surrender in order to achieve Federal unity. And by that time it may be hoped that the immense difficulties which surround the entry of the States into any practicable Federation, and the burning question of Communal hostility will have reached a stage at which some glimpse of a road ahead will be visible. If the Provinces can show themselves capable of providing a Government which can maintain order and uphold the law, which is just and sympathetic towards the

rights of minority communities and of the backward classes, and able to maintain a sound financial position, then there will be solid ground for believing that present anxieties and fears can be discarded, and also some real justification for experimenting with responsible government at the centre.

The first step must be taken first, and there is no advantage in minimizing the difficulties which surround it. The financial position of the Provincial Governments is at present extremely difficult. The economic depression has hit their revenues hard, and it has at the same time brought their vast agricultural populations to a condition in which they are only too ready to listen to counsels of desperation. At the same time the Civil Disobedience movement has been allowed to give them a primary education in disrespect for governmental authority, and while the Agrarian agitation of the Congress has urged them to refuse to pay Government dues, the propaganda of the Youth League and kindred bodies has gone further still and is constantly suggesting to them a campaign against landholders and money-lenders. Anarchy is being widely taught, and they are in a mood to listen owing to the economic depression. When the firmness of Government is evidently relaxed, they are not politicians or democrats and can only conclude that Government is either weak or afraid.

In such a situation, to set up new governments, inexperienced and uncertain of their own strength, would be to do a grave wrong to India's future. Yet no real progress is possible in India until those Governments are set up in the provinces, and are functioning smoothly and firmly. If this is the case, surely the duty of the Government is clear. The policy of self-effacement has continued long enough. To all who are willing to see, it has demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that we intend to abide by our promises, and are fully sympathetic to Indian aspirations. We have paid sincere and close attention to the sentiments

and emotions of India. Now it is essential immediately to deal with the facts; and the facts are threatening and formidable enough. Conferences and negotiations may do much to create an atmosphere, but they can never perform administrative functions, and it is administrative problems that are now crying out for urgent attention. The work of Conferences is done; we have discovered the objective—Federation—to which all desire to work; we have universal agreement that the first constitutional step—Provincial autonomy—can now be taken towards that objective. If conferences and discussions continue they can only serve to delay the inauguration of that step, and to delay also the restoration of administrative government, without which that step can never be successful.

Let us proceed to build upon the measure of agreement which we have. In order to do this successfully, it is essential that hostilities should be allayed, differences composed, and order and lawful authority restored. These things are not being achieved at present; indeed, they appear to be getting daily further off instead of nearer. The moment has surely come when a clear declaration of policy should be made, and a definite lead given by the British Government in India, to whose intervention—and to whose intervention alone—India has for so long owed all her enjoyment of peace and unity.

Robarts of Robarts' Horse

By F. Yeats Brown

IT is unfortunate that Charles James Robarts, who raised the regiment of Bengal Lancers with which I had the honour to serve, should have left behind him so little record of the part he played in India during the years immediately following the Mutiny. For those were stirring times, and Robarts was one of the best cavalry leaders of the day, and one of the builders of the modern Indian Army.

Possibly there is material somewhere which would throw light on his life, for he only died in 1873. In the household of his descendants, now scattered God knows where, from Kabul to Ludhiana, from Brighton to Banff, some docket of papers may bring back for us the years of his prime, and tell us of the regiment he commanded, the races he won, and the Afghan princess he loved. But I doubt it. Although men's memories endure in India, the material on which they are based soon crumbles or is covered: it is the land of Siva the Destroyer. All that I have been able to salve of Robarts, from all-encompassing dust and all-obliterating insects, I have here set down. It has been taken chiefly from the lips of men who were living when I joined Robarts' Horse.

Although the regiment that he raised in Meerut in the autumn of 1858 came to be known as "Robarts' Robbers," our first Colonel was a gentle-mannered man, with blue eyes and curly hair, who never smoked or swore; and although he was passionately fond of the turf, he never betted, nor even attended the lotteries which were at that time such a feature of Indian racing. Yet he enlisted the wildest of cut-throats from across the Afghan frontier, and won their affection and respect, ruling them with sympathy and a big stick. The tradition, as I heard it from men who knew him, was that he kept a handkerchief in one hand and a club in the other, to weep with the afflicted and to castigate delinquents.

Sometimes, I was told, he allowed his bungalow to be used as a storehouse for loot; but this I could not and cannot believe. Robarts was connected with the London firm of Robarts, Lubbock & Co., and in addition to his pay he had a private income of about £5,000 a year. He was not only a wealthy man for the India of those days, but a good Oriental scholar, held in the highest respect by *pandits* and *maulvies* alike. That he should have sanctioned robbery is unthinkable.

It is certain, however, that discipline was of a primitive kind during the period of his command. He hated any sort of *dikk*—that is, unnecessary trouble or fuss—and he never bothered his head about accounts. Apparently he paid his troopers what he thought they were worth, and irregularly. As to the horses, it was very difficult to know which were his own and which were Government's, for he kept them indiscriminately in his own stables or in the ranks.

In the India of those days, and even later, in my time, the accountancy system of the *sillidar* cavalry was magnificently flexible. The Colonel was given a lump sum per month, with which to pay his men and buy their horses and equipment. The regiment was his family, and as patriarch he could do what he pleased with the money, subject to the approval of his native officers. All that the Indian Government asked to see in return for the monthly wage was efficiency; and soon Robarts' Horse became famous for the dash of its men and the quality of its horses.

In the hands of a good Colonel the system worked well, and it encouraged a breadth of view amongst the officers administering it which the red tape of *babus* is now stifling. When the Colonel was a poor judge of men or cattle the regiment went downhill. But he was soon found out; whereas to-day there is no criterion except the dreary reports of Inspecting Generals.

Robarts had married a lady of noble Afghan family, who had a numerous retinue of maids and relations.

In his bungalow he maintained, besides his family, guests, and household servants, a racing stable, a pack of hounds, peregrines and falcons for hawking, about twenty regimental orderlies, and fifty or sixty troop horses. More than four hundred people fed daily from his kitchens.

"He was a Nawab and lived like one," his friends told me. And looking back in imagination across the years, I can see what a jolly, friendly life this young Englishman must have lived. It would be well, both for India and for England, if something of Robarts' spirit were to re-invigorate our dealings with the East. We are sportsmen, and so are the salt of the races of India. We have been untrue to ourselves in exalting the clerkly and the city-bred, and unfair to India, who classes the lawyer as a little lower than the prostitute.

When I recall the stories told me by some of the senior Indian officers about the style of life of Robarts I can see, in fancy's eye, the early-morning stir of activities in that large compound. Falconers in padded gloves are gentling their charges, dog-boys are massaging the Rampuri hounds with oil, sleek Arab ponies are whinnying as they are strapped down by a couple of *syces*; *sikligars* are sharpening hog spears and harness, *dirzies* are sewing, *bheesties* with their waterskins are sprinkling the dusty flowers of an Indian garden; and some *mihrasis* (for the princess must have her nautch music) are discussing the gossip of the bazaars. A whole little world, supported by the bounty of one man, is beginning its daily round.

Robarts is ready now, in his top-boots and loose civilian coat, with a small Kabuli turban twisted round his long black hair. He jumps into an enormous barouche; there is a bustle among the falconers and orderlies, the coachman whips up his horses, and a cavalcade of ponies, long-dogs, hawks, hunters, and a gorgeously caparisoned charger, start for the parade ground, where the regiment is drawn up under command of the Adjutant.

As Robarts arrives, a trumpeter sounds "Carry lance!" Robarts mounts his charger and looks down the ranks of his men with the eye of a master—in more senses than one. A master because he owns many of the horses in the regiment, and a master because many of the troopers are his liege-men or *baghirs*, and again master because the whole regiment would follow him to the death.

Heavily-bearded Afghans are there, and huge Afridis from the uplands of Tirah, and stout Sikhs, and Jats: men whose ancestors have lived and died by fighting, and who intend to do the same themselves. The routine of drill is not for them during these early post-Mutiny years. They are paraded once or twice a week in order that they shall not get into mischief, but for the rest they do as they please.

"A fine day," says Robarts to his Adjutant. "You can dismiss the regiment. Five men a troop can come hunting with me."

"They all want to come, Sir."

"Let the troop commanders choose. You can march the rest back."

The serried lance pennons divide as the Indian officers go amongst the ranks. Thirty sowars on wild, shaggy, swish-tailed country-bred mares of the famous Parrat stock, ridden on a barbarous spiked snaffle and tight-standing martingale, come out to join Robarts's party. The men wear blue shirts with red *kummerbunds* and turbans; their loose khaki pyjamas are tucked into black jack-boots with brass spurs.

Robarts dismounts from his charger and swings into the hunter's saddle. A sign to the orderly with the Rampur hounds, and they all jog off, past the lines, and across some open fields to a patch of *arrah*, where a hare has been seen. Behind them rises the dust of wheeling troops.

By nine o'clock the hunting party is back in the lines, having bagged a jackal and a couple of hares. Stables are

already in full swing, for work began early and finished early in those days. Near the Horse Hospital, the Adjutant and some native officers are drinking green tea out of small cups, in the Turki fashion. Robarts joins them, and here the business of the regiment is transacted in a kind of informal Durbar.

He deals with his men as Orientals love to be judged, shrewdly, sympathetically, quickly; and he speaks to them equally well in four languages—Pushtu, Persian, Panjabi, and Urdu. He gives no small punishments; there are no uncertainties, delays, no references to higher authority. He rarely signs his name. A Persian writer (the Naquib) stands behind him, holding a small piece of paper in the palm of his left hand and dipping his reed pen into an ink bottle at his belt. He is a peripatetic reporter of the Colonel's words, and what the Colonel says is generally wise and witty.

Sometimes it is also prophetic. If Robarts's advice had been followed in 1855 there might have been no Mutiny. Who knows? He was already a distinguished soldier (with sixteen years' service, including the campaign in Afghanistan of 1840, and the Sikh Campaign of 1848) when he predicted that the discontent of the sepoys would shake our Empire to its foundations. But John Company laughed at his fears, so in disgust he took his three years' furlough just at a time when his qualities as a cavalry leader would have been invaluable. By doing so, he escaped the fate of the officers of his regiment (the 43rd Native Infantry), who were all murdered by their men.

That is an old, unhappy memory now, and Robarts has made India his permanent home. He is a gay and gallant figure, loved by his regiment and respected amongst racing men from Peshawar to Madras, but especially in Calcutta, where he has won the Viceroy's cup. He rarely writes to England. Into his private life we may not look, and he passes out of our sight behind the curtain of the *Zenana*. It is probable that he was

happy there, however, with his princess, for he lived with her until his death fifteen years later.

What was she like? I often wanted to ask this question of a youth named Abdul Gyas, who was a descendant of hers, and a squadron-writer in the regiment when I joined it in Bannu in 1907. But I did not like to do so, for he was dying of consumption (we buried him the following winter) and uninterested in his family affairs except in so far as they were concerned with the money which he claimed was owed by Government to the estate of Robarts.

On Robarts's death in Dehra Dun in 1873 the regimental accounts were found to be inextricably confused. Nor was this surprising, considering Robarts's way of life. His descendants claimed that the Government owed them £2,500 for horses in the ranks. A lengthy litigation followed. How the business was eventually settled I do not know, but I believe that his Indian heirs are now ruined. If only, instead of feeing *vakils* to pursue a will-of-the-wisp, they had kept what property they had, we should have some records of Robarts and his wife, and posterity would be the richer.

But although the princess has vanished from history, the tradition of Robarts will endure, for India remembers in her own way the men and women who have loved and served her well, whatever their race.

In Madras, there is the tomb of a British police officer which has become a shrine of pilgrimage to the countryside. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, the villagers bring a bottle of whisky and a box of cheroots as an offering to his ghost. He is reputed to have drunk himself to an untimely grave, but his shade is honoured, for he was kind and capable while living. At Delhi, a lime tree is still revered which was planted by Akbar's favourite musician, Tansen; and *mihrasis* still pluck leaves from it and eat them, that their voices may resemble that of the "honey-tongued parrot without an equal." In the Panjab there is a village named

Janikosingh, which is the vernacular for John Nicholson, a name to conjure with in those parts. So also with Robarts. He has been dead fifty-eight years, Nicholson seventy-four, Tansen more than three hundred. India has forgotten exactly when these three lived, but she has enshrined them, with a million others, as saints or heroes in her catholic heart.

Robarts's photograph, which used to be in the 17th Cavalry mess, showed him as a slight, active-looking man in a loose coat and a flowing tie; the features—especially the nose and the arch of brow—had almost the assertiveness and nobility of Nelson's. No doubt the white ants have eaten the picture by now.

All physical trace of Robarts will disappear in the quick twilight of the country of his adoption, but a myth of him has already grown up, and will survive in the memories of the martial races of the North, for he was an Englishman of a kind unknown in these days of lip-service to the abolition of the "colour-bar"; an Englishman who really enjoyed India and liked its people. He fitted himself into the Indian scene, instead of trying to make it fit our Western ideas of efficiency and democracy.

The Coming Conservative Revolution

By Wilhelm Stapel

(Translated by Brian Lunn)

THERE is no other form of vital activity that so adequately characterizes the present biological condition of European humanity as *organization.* The first reaction of the European spirit to any menace to the physical well-being of the citizen or to the public peace is to organize or to reorganize. Plague and pestilence still devastate the world—well, we must effect a more thoroughgoing organization of preventive sanitary measures in general, and more particularly we must ensure: firstly, an extension of the contributory schemes for medical insurance, secondly, an increase in the number of qualified medical practitioners, and thirdly, increased facilities for medical research. Then we feel we can proceed to deal with the situation without difficulty. Bloody war continues to rage over the earth; therefore we must (I am quoting the words of an eminent theologian) " organize the world conscience against war."

The League of Nations is, in the phraseology of modern European thought, the first hopeful step in that direction; in due course we shall no doubt garner in the fruits of this development. Hunger still stalks through the lands—surely this is simply the consequence of defective economic organization. As for death—well, death cannot be eliminated; but it can be deferred. By means of better organization of all conditions of life it should be possible to ensure that all persons (if any) who continue to be born shall be guaranteed against death from sickness, war and hunger, and be assured of succumbing gently to senile decay. For that the achievement of senility should be assured to every person born into the world, would be the supreme achievement, the realization of the holiest right of modern European humanity. It was solely in order that this

high aim might be realized that Nature produced man at all, and towards the close of the Tertiary Period (in which we now find ourselves) launched human progress.

The four Angels of the Apocalypse are the sons of chaos; they must yield their supremacy to the advance of ordered organization. The opposite of the apocalyptic end of the world is progress *ad infinitum;* and organization is, therefore, the condition and the means of progress. Hence the profound metaphysical connection between progress, philosophy, and zeal for organization. The organizer is the priest of the believer in progress.

It may, of course, be presumed that man has always been an organizing animal; as early at any rate as the times of the beehive tombs and the pyramids. And the great migrations of peoples cannot have been carried through without a measure of organization, although they were not lacking in a certain charming disorganization. A measure of disorganization always signifies a state of receptivity to the divine, an invitation to the free play of destiny, opportunity for genius. At the other extreme we have that crassest symbol of hopelessness, the psychological laboratory, which is the quintessence of the spirit of organization. All the German wretchedness of our times results from too much ordering, from over-organization. This harsh incrustation of order stifles all spontaneous life that cannot be legislated for in advance. But organization was always the subordinate factor, which occurred in so far as it was necessary. The super-individual forms of vital activity of the Middle Ages were not organizations but *institutions*. The Church is an institution, and so is the State. Cities with their senates and corporations, their guilds, mysteries, orders, brotherhoods, universities, theatres, etc., are also institutions. These forms of vital activity are not *organized;* they are *instituted*.

The essence of the institution is that it lays down a special rule, and its system of justice is the most important thing for it (sociologically); the essence of the organization

on the other hand is that it represents a special *interest*; its most important function is to give effect to that interest. The institution has an order of law, the organization an order of interests as its starting point. The institution has a charter of incorporation, the organization has a programme. The organization may also have a charter of incorporation, it is true, but this is a pure formality necessary for its inclusion in an incorporated state. The spiritual bond of the institution is the rule of law, that of the organization is fellowship. There is a distinction between him who has been placed outside the pale of the law, the outlaw, and him who has been expelled from the organization, the boycottee. The aims of institutions are justified of themselves; they rest upon a metaphysical basis. Organizations, being based upon interests, cannot have aims that are justified of themselves; their aims have to refer to some *common* goal in the achievement of which they "collaborate." The institution is able to dispense with human progress without bad conscience; not so the organization; else how shall it maintain its self-respect? Organizations keep alive by means of optimism.

II.

The spirit of the age, consciously progressive and optimistic, marches towards the future; the Dawes Plan was a step forward, the Young Plan was a step forward, the agreement with Poland is a step forward, a remarkable and entirely unprecedented series of progressions. Now the nature of this spirit of the age is to convert all institutions into organizations; for what else does Socialism aim at but the conversion of the institutional state into an organization through which all "interests" may receive equal satisfaction? Law (*Das Recht*) as a specific phenomenon is no longer allowed; the question is asked: What is "Law" ("*Recht*")? And it is deduced from an "interest of society" that the anti-social person shall be educated to become a useful member of

the organization. The spirit of the age is operative even in religion. A phenomenon characteristic of present biological conditions is the Salvation Army. In German we call it *Heilsarmee*, an all too colourless rendering; it should be *Erlösungsarmee*, for then only do we perceive that, to make such an organization possible, the idea of *Erlösung* (salvation or redemption) had to be degraded to a moral significance. An army for the betterment of humanity. In the "ecumenical movement" also we may detect certain evidences of the passion for organization: the aim is a head organization. But through religion the churches have greater immunity than States against infection with organization. That is why, together with monarchy, the church is most odious to the spirit of the age.

We may observe the same development in art. This is conceived as being fundamentally nothing but an "interest," that is to say, an interest of those persons whose needs it satisfies. The matter has but to be approached from the point of view of marketing instead of from that of quality and an organization immediately comes into being.

Thus entirely new organizations have emerged through the manipulation—pardon the word—of the book-reading interests. We, do not, as formerly, turn to the author but to the consumer. The question is: what are the requirements of the reader? We seek to satisfy these requirements by searching the authors for serviceable material. The consumer thus becomes the determining factor, and the creative writer sinks to the position of an official of the consumers' organization, the lending libraries or book-clubs. In the end, writers will have no option but to follow the example of those who devise "creations" and to determine the seasonal fashions with the managers of the organizations: the Spring-book fashion and the Christmas-book fashion. Publishing firms also are beginning to rationalize their business, that is to say, to determine their policy by considerations

of what is the safest market. You ascertain what sells, make a scheme of your requirements to keep the business going, and endeavour to secure suitable material. The final stage of the process will have reduced the writer to the position of clerk of the book-supply organizations—a chief clerk, of course; but even this senior position will be his only so long as the various organizations have failed to come to an agreement in the matter of an authors' tariff. I learn on good authority that a Leipzig publishing firm has arrived at the following conclusion: it has ascertained that "in the course of development of trade practice" (the Krauer and the cheap Buddenbrook editions) the public has become accustomed to a price of 2·85 Reichsmarks for a volume. This is, therefore, the price that must determine publications, and it finds that in the result the author must be content with a royalty of one penny. Well, the Saxons are shrewd folk, and the rest of Germany will follow this lead in the march of progress.

We need not multiply examples. As the final stage in this process of development we shall have the "thoroughly rationalized" organization of mankind, built up upon classified interests. No longer shall we have the unaccountable products of the creative spirit of man, but they will be determined by a board of management which has duly ascertained the rhythm (*a*) of the bodily, (*b*) of the spiritual requirements of the public.

III.

Organization is beginning to descend even upon the astonished farmer. Marketing organizations put their registered mark on eggs—otherwise there must be something wrong with them; brown Lizzy, the cow, has an electric milking affair applied to her excellent udders; the apples from the old tree celebrated in song by Uhland and Avenarius are scientifically sorted and wrapped up in special papier-maché jackets devised by some eminent professor. Progress! Progress!! The

end is that no man can do what he will. From birth (in the State clinic) to the grave (in the central crematorium) the organizations concerned will guide him along the path indicated by his interests. Every eventuality is provided for, and each man is informed at the appropriate moment what he has to do. It is indeed no longer necessary for him to consider for what calling he might have an inclination. This is done for him by the Vocational Board with the assistance of its state-qualified, practical psychologists. On the one hand, this board ascertains by means of experiment his individual aptitudes, and on the other, it conducts a minute investigation into his ancestry; after this he is assigned his place, duly classified according to the appropriate categories. Progress will eliminate such sports as artists of repute, whose parents did not reach the proper eugenic standard.

This development is still in its early stages and offers much food for mirth; but the creative spirit is already beginning to be overpowered here and there by oppressive organization, and it is turning to bitterness and gall.

In former times, when men believed that they were suffering under the oppression of the institutions, they entered upon a campaign against everything institutional. This was the great movement of Liberalism.

The organizations will soon press more heavily upon men than the institutions used to do. Not only do they invade the sphere of the individual's power of choice; it is sought to destroy all deeper non-rational living forces which are not amenable to common rationalization. Religion, whose metaphysical aims favour a " dangerous " contempt of the world and of death; nationalism, which desires freedom and sovereignty; the spirit of warlike endeavour which is willing to risk life for glory and victory; the spirit of the race and the clan which obstinately insists upon being what it is in the teeth of all rationalizing standardization; the peasant spirit of the

farmer, whose pride is in his farmstead, the ruler of a free heritage refusing to become a slave purveyor to swarming multitudes as in America; art which whether proceeding from the attic or from the royal palace, seeks not money but glory—all these are primeval processes which offer resistance to the spirit of organization. From the biological point of view, they are metaphysical forces of a conservative kind which cannot be explained rationally. A man is either appropriated to them at birth or he is their open or concealed enemy. As these powers are oppressed by the rationalizing spirit of organization, they are stirred in their profundities. They have not yet found each other—the religious man, the warrior, the artist, the peasant; each lives in his own world and chews the cud of his own wretchedness; but as the overweening insolence of civilized, organized Europe increases, as she exercises a more and more arbitrary sway over the eternally human and over the divine which are not subject to her, those will necessarily gravitate together who cannot tolerate a world so mechanical and bleak. Thus, after the liberal revolution of the eighteenth century the conservative revolution is at hand. When the forms of order that now obtain are trodden under the feet of the Apocalyptic angels, who may be overcome by God but never by man, then the conservative revolution will build up not a better world, perhaps, for we do not believe in progress, but a world more approximating to and more in harmony with that which is eternal.

Horse, please!

By Hugh B. C. Pollard

TO be about to buy a horse has a peculiar effect on the individual. Some get as proud and pleased as expectant mothers. Others are miserable in anticipation of being sold a pup rather than a hunter. No one has compiled an exhaustive list of the ways of buying a horse because it is probably inexhaustible, but it can be a straightforward affair of bidding at Tattersalls, or it can be a tortuous and many-angled private negotiation with a dealer or someone who deals, or most dangerous of all, a private vendor.

In any case the condition of being about to buy a horse is interesting, for once it becomes known that you have gone broody, offers of horses come from the most unlikely and entertaining quarters. In the country, whatever you say will be travestied and used as evidence against you. You have, let us say, been considering buying a quiet hack hunter for modest use. Young Alsike, son of a farmer who "breeds a few," appears towing a giant animal about eighteen hands, young, decidedly debonair and, despite all he says about its parentage, obviously a splendid "vanner." The neatest clipping and a deft use of brilliantine fail to mask its awesome hairiness, and the only true thing its owner says is that "it is up to any weight."

In order to get rid of him, you explain that it is not what you wanted, in fact too good—far too good for your needs. You wanted a light pony for one of the girls, something about 14·2.

Two days later a repellant horde of van dwellers camp on the edge of the highway adjoining your land, and a deputation arrives with an assortment of the poorest ponies you have set eyes on. Hi Lubni, a little

[This contribution is a chapter from Mr. Pollard's book, "Hard up on Pegasus," to be published by Eyre and Spottiswoode in the Autumn.]

unshaven ferret of a man, is impresario. "We heard," he says impressively, "that the gemman wanted to buy a little pony, so we come over, for we have got just the very 'orse the gemman is looking for. Kim up, Mat. Show the gemman the jumping pony!"

Mat, a jowly kind of degenerate in a choker, swings his long legs over the saddle and dismounts. The pony is apathetic.

While your attention is concentrated on the pony, wondering how the poor devil got its assemblage of deformities, you realize that the audience is silently increasing. Two Laura Knight type cross coster-gipsy doxies appear. Ragged children rustle in the shadow of the laurels, and you hear the dogs bark and the larder windows slam. These noises betoken that the household is awake to the onslaught of the raiders. "They will," says my farm foreman, without heat or blame and dispassionately as though speaking of a plague sent by God, "pinch anything which is not too hot nor too heavy; and the trouble they take over it, too!"

The rather dull eyes of the pony impress Mat with the need of showing it to better advantage. With one hand concealed under the tangle of mane, he covertly jags the rusty old snaffle in order to make it bridle.

"A luverly pony that, sir," repeats Hi Lubni unctuously, "bred by a gemman out of a polo mare, it was. Jump anything!"

"Betcher it 'u'd jump a five-bar gate wiv me or my mate," declaims Mat, with the air of one setting a cynical hard and unbelieving world at grim defiance.

It looks, poor devil, as if it had jumped little but eighteen-foot prison walls since it was foaled.

You disclaim with very real sincerity any desire to possess the animal. "Dirt cheap it is, too," they cry in concert. "A luverly pony; look at his mouth, sir, just four year old, quiet as a lamb, brave as a lion, a luverly little 'orse."

You look at the mouth, an easy inspection, but not

without interruption from Hi and Mat, who do not want too close a scrutiny. The pony is full six-six off.

"Fifteen quid to you, sir!"

The mention of a sum of money galvanizes the rest of the gipsies into life. A short derisory ballet breaks out among the children checked by the eldest doxy.

A little feeling along the legs is like a lesson in elementary geography. There are promontories, capes, and peninsulas.

Dejection seizes on the would-be seller and there is a sudden flash of enforced candour.

"Oh, I know he ain't quite clean. He'd be wuth forty if he was, but there ain't nothing to matter beyond a blemish. Trot 'im out, Mat!" Chorus: "Let the gemman see 'is paces." Solo from humorous imp aged eleven or sixteen, a stunted goblin of dirt: "Let the gemman ride 'im 'isself!"

The pony breaks into an uneven cadenced shamble, then into a head-hanging collar trot, and at last into a cramped donkey canter. The odd thing is that, knowing the utter worthlessness of the beast, you are toying with the idea that with decent treatment it might be repaired. It is sentimentality, for half an hour ago you were grousing at an honest farrier's bill, and now you are meditating sheer throwing away of money.

There is a fiction writing school who like the glamour of the gypsy. To-day it has a rather grubby sex bent. In the older days of George Borrow this was less stressed, and there was a horsey flavour to Petulengro which was a redeeming essence. My grandfather knew Borrow fairly intimately, and had a genuine, if non-literary, appreciation of him as "one of the most stupendous liars who ever breathed."

They had both been mixed up in wholly non-Biblical goings on in Spain, and the old man had no romantic opinion of gypsies.

Personally I do not think they are intentionally cruel. For a primitive people they treat their animals

fairly well, but their standard of "well" is lower than it ought to be. They do their own rough farriery, and it is—well, I suppose you cannot call it sheer cruelty, but it is not good enough. It would not be a bad thing if some of the funds applied to fussing about Field Sports were applied to the alleviation of the condition of gypsy-owned ponies. There are admittedly exceptions—a good pony worth money is, as a rule, well looked after in the hopes of a sale—but I think that the condition of the unsound ones might stand a good deal of beneficent interference. Personally I cannot afford to run a home for hopeless ponies, but if I had money it might be worse spent than in redeeming a few poor slaves.

"Fifteen pun, not a penny less," says Lubni, almost flinging down his hedge hazel goad.

"Two pound ten is about the mark," is my not too hearty response.

Clouds again blight the gippo sky. The gypsies murmur as if oppressed by incredible doubts. The children draw in to their mothers' skirts. The crudely artistic Mat spurns the gravel of the drive with a boot stolen from a scarecrow and neighs sarcastically.

"The gemman thinks 'er got a curb," says Hi with wistful appeal. "Strike me lucky 'is 'ocks is sounder nor mine. Run 'im up agin, Mat."

Slowly the price abates towards ten. I rise lethargically with half-a-crown or five bob admissions. The pony would be dear at a gift. I do not want it. I have no use for it, but I have been entrapped into this discussion by feeble-mindedness and—poor little devil!

Round about eight pounds negotiations collapse. The children realize that the drama is over and set resolutely about decoying attention while the elder ones seek something stealable. "Eight golden suvrins, not a diner less!" declares Brazil.

"Four quid and a headstall" is my adamantine reply.

Dejectedly the cortège leaves the gate. A few lurchers and children draggle behind.

You would think the curtain is down on the drama. No, this is only the first act. They will be back in an hour after debating the difference between your price and the knacker's, the prospects of sale elsewhere, and the work equivalent of the beast to the family.

On the other hand, if they come with a good pony—and they sometimes do—negotiations are speeded up by a show of notes or coin. Money in hand has an appeal to the primitive. Clink a golden suvrin.

The next visitor is a dealer. He, too, has just the horse, and "heard." It would just suit you. Making allowances for a change in coat, it appears to be remarkably similar to a beast which attracted your attention with a neighbouring hunt. You remember a disconsolate rider with a bad over-reach. To an unskilled eye there is no sign, but "from information received" you find a confirming scar and thickening. As a matter of remote interest the price? You shake a disconsolate head and lose even that little flash of polite interest.

"Take him and try him," urges the dealer. What could be fairer? Well, it suits some people, but it is not the cheapest way. It has a seductive element of safety about it, but you lose the gambling interest. Horse dealers do not hazard much.

On the whole, it is best to see what you can afford, seek out your vet, and go up to Tattersalls on Monday in his company or custody. You will be able to back your fancy in shape, size, and estimation of temperament, and he will be able to spot any obvious anatomical shortcomings. Nothing will guarantee mouth or behaviour; but, on the other hand, most horses are not too bad, and it is odds against your getting a criminal, though you may perhaps get a slug.

Tattersalls is not very awe-inspiring, and it is beautifully conservative. Buy at the end of the season and horses are cheap. Keep will cost you little, and good horses which have come down a little in the social scale, but which will do a modest man in the provinces well for

many seasons, are there in quantity. You can pick up the right sort, not perhaps young, not certainly without blemish, but with heart and experience. You have the choice of endless lots, warranty according to catalogue, and if the selection should turn out indifferent, you can put him back again.

Just as a novice learns a good deal by watching an expert bridge player, so it is quite worth while going into Tattersalls to watch even when you cannot afford to buy. You will get a new standard of values, but it is fatally easy to yield to temptation and buy a wholly unnecessary horse. One maxim must always be remembered. Unsound horses eat as much as good ones, and require a great deal more looking after during their periods of repair.

The architecture of the celebrated sale-yard reminds one of those gloomy engravings of Roman ruins which hang in doctors' waiting-rooms. The little fountain arrangement in the centre is a symbol of abiding melancholy. The galleries, a great triforium, disclose glimpses of coaches, panoplies of harness, and suggestions of a vanished glory. The atmosphere is horsey, but stern and serious, rather than exhilarating. There is a rigid "no smoking" rule. The crowd is grave, and their customs variegated. Some affect the undress of sport, others suggest the unrelieved gloom of the necrologist. Some are real bidders, others pursue a useful function in appearing to bid until the lot reaches the reserve its optimistic owner has put upon it. Not always does the fall of the hammer indicate guineas pouring into the vendors' pockets. The highest real bid may be very materially lower than the reserve.

As in theatres, there is a social distinction between the stalls and the boxes, yet in point of fact the ideal may as likely be in one as the other. Go round all of them.

The alluring descriptions of hunters in the catalogue make informative reading, and the qualification "good"

is a very necessary one. The name of the owner is on the whole better than the bleak anonymity of "The Property of a Gentleman," and sometimes a useful indication can be arrived at from the country the horse has been hunted in. Sometimes these past experiences are more flights of fancy than over timber, but then, after all, horse dealing is notoriously almost as hazardous an enterprise as agriculture.

It is perhaps at the sale yard that you realize most the money value of your personal standard as a rider. If you are a complete mut you have to pay a good deal more for a really confidential steed. If you have decent hands, horses fretful and wayward with less gifted individuals may yield you reliable pleasure their previous owners have not attained. You will find in some sense a cash reward for all your virtues and an equivalent tax on all your shortcomings. If you are super-humanely gifted and incredibly patient you may buy a rough diamond and shape it into a jewel, but even if you are just ordinary (it is exceptionally rare to find anyone who ever admits this even in the secrecy of his heart; we are nearly all rather good, or pride ourselves that we are) you can even to-day buy a fair horse at quite a moderate price. To approach perfection is very expensive, although terribly seductive, but a modest incompetence can be inexpensively accommodated.

On the whole it is, I think, wise to buy horses away from one's immediate circle. It saves a good deal of awkwardness, and it enhances your chance of selling at a profit if you want to. Selling a horse is the past degree of buying one. It is, I think, about four times as difficult, but it is splendidly exciting for anyone of sanguine and romantic temperament.

The Heron

By Geoffrey Johnson

THE fresh wet wind and the wide glittering light
Are over now, and everything is night;
The barges, the great bustle, the clink of tools
Have left no impress on the river-pools,
And reedy desolation edged with rose
Resumes untroubled its antique repose;
And curved against it, in unstirring sedge,
A lonely heron bills the water's edge,
Like Thought himself on his own elbow leaning
And probing fathom on fathom for a meaning——
So still in Time's unwearying flow, he seems
The first that haunted ruined Academes,
The very bird that dared to dip his bill
In Memphian pylons crumbling to the swill,
The first of fishers, who is fishing still . . .
Then the wave quivers with a rod of gold
Intruding fiercely on the heron's hold
From the near city's Babylonian strife.
The commentator on the fringe of life
Lifts his loose body in the misty rain;
Long-legged, fastidious in high disdain,
He swoops to duskier reaches, dims to ghost
In that Nirvana where all time is lost . . .
How easy was that sweep, how eloquent
Its cool patrician scorn of man's intent;
Sure as the angel's poise in Exodus,
Whispering, "The first-born of your cities thus
Amid their clamour knew the night, and ceased
Swift as the passage of my wing released"——
And in that mocking cry what visions breed
Of all our cities flowering back to reed!

New Heaven and New Earth

By Geoffrey Dennis

SCIENCE has fashioned us them both, and we stare and wonder, and are inclined to accept them.

In this short article it is desired to offer a few marginal considerations touching the present-day cosmogonies. Of late they have imperiously seized the layman's fancy, in every sense of the word become popular. It is not proposed to discuss the schemes and theories in detail, nor even their broadest philosophical implications; still less the technical-mathematical problems nor the rock-bottom metaphysics involved. I am competent to discuss none of these, and seek only to offer a few remarks about how the outside of the new heavenly sciences strikes a non-scientific outsider without knowledge, training or experience.

The first point of all is that this subject—these books—this group of sciences—*is* popular. The group, I mean, that sweeps (in a world-line of majestic non-Euclidean splendour) through space-time from physics *via* relativity to astronomy. There has been nothing to match it in England since the first post-Darwin decades when Haeckel and Huxley disthroned God the Father, made apes paternal in His stead, and sold into seven figures. So to-day, Sir James Jeans is a best-seller, Earl Russell and Professor Eddington are oracles, even Whitehead and Alexander have disciples among the multitude, and Einstein is a great high priest. In what I write I shall be thinking most often of the less technical volumes to the names of Eddington and Jeans, the most truly popular of them all, and therefore for my purpose the most significant.

Why are they so popular? Some of the reasons are trivial, irrelevant to fundamentals, or rather may be deemed so.

I would put as first reason the literary and explanatory talent of the chief popularizers, their gift of exposition, their gift of English. They write cleanly and clearly.

I reject entirely a view I heard expressed the other day, that Sir James Jeans is no more than Sir Robert Ball up to date, providing simple science for the simple, juggling acceptably with the jargon of the moment. That is merely not true. Apart from the difference in technical authority, intellectual grasp and firmness of outlook, the new vulgarizators are, as regards presentation, description, persuasion, purpose, effect, in a different universe—much more different, I think, than the universes they portray—from good friendly Sir Robert's magic-lantern lectures and dear lovable Camille Flammarion's exclamation marks and gush and froth. This point of their writing ability is important; for while enabling them to present difficult matters to the multitude (us all) and so shape the general thought of their time, it has also secured for them the kindly approval and patronage of the literary pundits (those few) who are so powerful in hindering or helping the march of non-literary movements, artistic, political, and scientific alike.

With the cosmogonists' great talent as writers and teachers, contrasting with it and heightening it, is to be put the lack of such talent displayed by most of the expounders of most other modern sciences. Biology—cosmogony's chief could-be rival in present-day appeal—biology in particular is ill-served by its would-be vulgarizators. Vulgar all right they are, in style as in temperament. Cocksure all right they are, and ungrammatical. A recent volume, cried up to the blue skies by the leaders of biology, or at least of biological journalism, as equalling More, Voltaire, I know not who else, was at best as dull and characterless a *rechauffée* of text-book facts and pseudo-facts as the eighth-class mind of a complacent and illiterate little atheist could contrive. The simplest rules of grammar were ignored, the simplest sense of God denied. This young author's ideal (as of almost all of them, one or two of the professional biologists indeed excelling him) is Wells at his worst. Wells at his worst.

The anthropologists are of a better stripe altogether; but chance to have no leader who combines appeal with authority. By contrast, therefore, with the exponents of these and some other sciences, as well as by positive merit, the Jeanses and the Eddingtons find it easy to hold the field.

The second reason I suggest for astronomy-cosmogony's present primacy of popularity consists in the special handicaps, weaknesses inherent (not incidental such as their spokesmen's scant gifts), that at the moment happen to hamper its fellow-sciences. Chemistry has gone into business, turned wholly technical-industrial; in its latter phase is altogether too common-sense, too much of the earth-earthy, to appeal victoriously to either heart or head. Geology, that was always of the earth, earthy, has lost even its old attraction of blasphemy, of anti-Pentateuchal naughtiness, now gone over *en bloc* to biology. Psychology, on the other hand, is not common-sense *enough* to make wide appeal to the saner multitude; and savours too much of the brothel (the baser Austro-Hebraic disciples of Austro-Hebraic Freud) and of Bedlam (the wilder behaviourists of American college culture). Biology itself has against it many various drawbacks, creditable and discreditable. It hurts man's vanity, it scorns God's grace. It is arrived at a stage of uncertainty and sharp inward conflict; its byways and undercurrents are innumerable, and muddling, and muddled. It makes outrageous assumptions; it displays ambitions quite disproportionate to its achievements. It is the scientific last ditch of anti-religious bias—a bias which, fortunately or unfortunately, the human race as a whole does not share. Over against it, astronomy has also the valuable advantage of decency. You can't say to your little daughter, "Gaze at the generative process!"; you *can* say to her, "Behold the heavens!" Venus the goddess is pornography, Venus the star is pure.

As third reason I put the definite anti-materialistic trend of the newest physics, now finally divorced from

Haeckel - Bradlaugh - Foote - Ingersoll and other such husbands. Max Planck makes the material world less material. Heisenberg plumps for indeterminacy not predestination. In thermodynamics good luck ousts iron law. Bohr and Born lift up a ψ-starred banner against Calvin and all other enemies of the soul's freedom. Lemaître is a priest, Eddington is on the side of the angels. In simplest statement, the new cosmic physics has withdrawn its time-honoured support from deterministic law and materialist monopoly: *the electrons may jump either way.*

My last reason should have been the first. Cosmogony alone of the sciences ministers adequately to man's æsthetic instinct, his soul-curiosity as well as his mind-curiosity, his sense of the terrible Infinite.

Such are some of an uninformed layman's explanations of this science's appeal to uninformed laymen. Of its separate glory as a monument to human intelligence, industry and devotion, a glory reflected in different degrees on England, Germany, France, America, the little countries, all countries, I do not propose to speak. Nor of its achievements in themselves: whether intensive, as regarding the structure of the atom, or extensive, as fixing the margent of space and time; whether as illuminating the inward properties of light, or drawing the outward shape of the universe of darkness. A man who despises the manifold discoveries of the last twenty-five years, in all their range and subtlety, such a man is surely himself despicable.

Our questions come from another angle, outside the intellectual sphere, outside the technical, outside the metaphysical also. Our chief question is this: the fantastic development of these sciences since the century turned, since the war ended, how much has it done for mankind, his spiritual welfare, his intellectual unity, his clear seeing of himself and non-self? How much nearer truth and reality and final value are Jeans and Eddington than Flammarion and Ball? A little, we think—as,

for instance, in the desertion of determinacy—but only a little.

The sphere of interest has certainly widened. Count the number of chapters on the solar system and on the stars in any astronomical book published forty years ago and any astronomical book published yesterday. The centre of interest has certainly shifted. Earth is in a galactic backwater, and the nodal point of their studies now follows the careering nebulæ. Count the number of the stars themselves. It has grown beyond measure; they are enrolled by billions, not millions. Distances have grown still more; they are reckoned in parsecs, not trillions. Time is longer. The cosmos is larger. There is much more of everything. Number, triumphant to new *n*ths, is all-ascendant.

What of it? A bigger universe, with more stars in its far-curved garment, and that garment spread wider—what improvement, what extra significance, what greater verity, what use? Size, quantity, number; do these contain virtue in themselves? (The mystical, Pythagorean virtue of Number they all deny.) This microscopic and macroscopic megalomania—whither leads it? In what sense does 'more' spell 'better'?

"We are drawing plans and laying foundations for a longer future than we can well imagine," says Jeans, as the last sentence of his best-known book. What hope there? What meaning, what advantage, in having fifty million years ahead of us instead of five thousand—if in the end the End must yet come?

And the End, they all say, must come. End of the earth: by cold, they believe mostly—fire, flood, drought are out of fashion; collision not in serious favour—but final, anyway, and disposing for ever of the children of men. End of the universe: by heat, they declare unanimously, by calorific equalization, degradation, entropy; by the pitiless ineluctable *Wärmetod*. In virtue of a thermodynamic "law" their brains have

evolved—who, Saviour, evolved their brains?—they have condemned the universe to death.

Now this law, perfect no doubt within its own technical prison, that holds "the supreme position among the laws of Nature," against which opposing theories have "no hope," is one the human mind and human heart alike reject, that hangs without foothold in the logic of the brain or of the soul.

> The soul rebels.
>
> The Universe *shall* not die! Space shall be infinite. That whole cosmos of theirs, which embraces the uttermost nebulæ, which sweeps a thousand million times wider than the trillion-mile pitiful corner seen from Mount Wilson, around which light, swiftest of all things, takes one hundred thousand million years to travel, it is but a bubble enwombed in the ether, in empty ether stretching out to infinity. And entropy of infinity is a phrase that has no sense—no, not even in transcendental physics. The law of degradation breaks down. We are saved.
>
> Light can reconstitute matter; can build up stars to start all over again. It is last year's newest evangel.
>
> Entropy is only an average, a probability, and so must sometimes fail; as sometimes heat does pass from cold nebulæ to warmer stars, as one day those apes will ride the Tempest, and red outrun black even till it break the heavenly bank.
>
> If Wärmetod must happen, why has it not happened already, happened always? If the calorific stillness were inevitable it must, unless the fundamental laws have changed, unless temperature was once infinitely irregular—which is not sense, no not even in thermodynamics—have come long ago, been eternally. There must always have been entropy; there can never have been a Universe. Yet one is there; *here*.*

In its supremest suggestion the new cosmogony breaks down. For, despite it, the universe is here.

And if it is wrong in its most ultimate effort, its theory of cosmic destiny, we are driven to doubt all its theories, to ask whether the facts on which it generalizes are not far too few, to ask whether they are facts at all, to ask what facts are.

The whole physical world is a mirage; their clockwork construction is but a mirage of that mirage.

* "The End of the World." By Geoffrey Dennis. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

In the realm of politics, the results of the scientists' pronouncements are curious, and of doubtful value; not perhaps chiefly through the scientists' own fault. The postponement of man's death sentence, a paltry consolation if ever there was—a mere numerical increase in the number of æons (minutes) we have in which to strive (for Nothing)—has been seized upon by the sociological and political optimists as an argument for Progress: because we have more time to progress in. The principle of indeterminacy, an ethically neutral principle if ever there was, has been seized upon with no less speed and glee by the ethical optimists as an argument for Moral Progress; because the electrons, being free to choose how they jump, must naturally jump in the direction of Virtue. For good or evil, with justification or without it, modern physics is being used as an arsenal by statesmen and sociologists and philosophers whose policy, for evil or good, without justification or with it, is based on the theory of human perfectibility.

It is curious. Eternal Death is hardly a shining goal of hope.

From one present-day scientific belief, hope for or at least pride in the human race follows more naturally. This is the one belief which, as against the view of a generation ago, presents a diminution, not an increase, in number; namely, in the number of living beings in the universe. Man is now being made rarer again, and so more important. In 1880 the cosmos was held to be full from end to end of conscious life, physical and mental, and man did not therefore count for very much, so usual, so ubiquitous, so infinitesimal was he. In 1930 life is adjudged rare, occurring maybe on one heavenly body in a million, on a favoured "freak formation" here and there; it is "more of a rarity than our fathers thought" say even the most conservative; it is here on the earth only, proclaim many, rejoining Aristotle and Plato, and the Eternal Church. Man is unique in the cosmos, and so may rightly take pride.

Pride perhaps; but hope? Of cause for hope in the individual heart, this science offers little, or of means to assuage fear, or mitigate misery. Nothing for man's needs, or God's; no joy, no solace; no palest explanation of the Mystery.

Here at the last we arrive at the major distinction and merit of the new science, which separates it from all nineteenth-century systems. Like them it does nothing to explain the Mystery; but, unlike them, it allows, admits, almost insists, that there is one; and confesses, with a modesty that biology (for instance) has yet to learn, that it can itself do nothing to explain it. The physicists now declare roundly that Reality—whatever that is—is elsewhere, and their whole constructional universe of physics but a shadow of it. Eddington writes :—

> The frank realization that physical science is concerned with a world of shadows is one of the most significant of recent advances.

and again :—

> The symbolic nature of the entities of physics is generally recognized; and the scheme of physics is now formulated in such a way as to make it almost self-evident that it is a partial aspect of something wider . . . . This is not merely a philosophic doctrine to which intellectual assent might be given, but has become part of the scientific attitude of the day, illustrated in detail in the current scheme of physics.*

They now declare roundly that the Reality is not only elsewhere than, but something more fundamental than science, which itself is able to answer none of man's first questions. Jeans though with a mind apparently less open than Eddington's to the artistic and religious meaning of 'the Universe around him,' even Jeans says :—

> It is rare indeed for science to give a final "Yes" or "No" answer to any question propounded to her. When we are able to put a question in such a definite form that either of those answers could be given in reply, we are generally already in a position to supply the answer ourselves.

* "The Nature of the Physical World."

and also :—

> It is difficult to form even the remotest conception of the realities underlying all these phenomena. The recent branch of physics known as " wave-mechanics " is at present groping after an understanding, but so far progress has been in the direction of co-ordinating observed phenomena rather than in getting down to realities. Indeed, it may be doubted whether we shall ever properly understand the realities ultimately involved; they may well be so fundamental as to be beyond the grasp of the human mind.†

This frank and whole-hearted recognition by the leaders of science of the limits, the tiny limits, of their special world, this their recognition that that world is but one aspect (metrical, notational, mathematical-symbolical) of the Whole World, is now the chief fact about science at all, and the most important since long ago, in private heart or public practice, it first struck out a separate pathway from religion.

This recognition may be, as some think, its weakness, a sign of metaphysical error, atavistic sentimentality, cowardly truckling to the priests, abject abasement before the gods; or, as we think, its strength, the courageous avowal by the brain of its lord the spirit, the natural submission of the part to the whole.

What is the Whole?

Whether we believe it to have a spirit or to be a spirit, whether it should most truly be described as the Soul of God or as His Body, whether it be the dream or the dream's Dreamer, that I do not know. If anyone—this side Paradise—knows, it is not the scientists but the saints.

† " The Universe Around Us."

Our Maritime Apostasy

By Captain Bernard Acworth

THE Armistice left this nation of fighting men tired and exhausted, physically and spiritually, and with a huge fleet of over 3,000,000 tons total displacement on our hands, with more tonnage on the stocks in an uncompleted state. Such a fleet was clearly in excess of our needs with the disappearance of the German Fleet, and before the Washington Conference Great Britain voluntarily sacrificed $1\frac{5}{6}$ millions of tons. America, on the other hand, emerged from the war enormously enriched, with her manhood relatively intact, and with a great navy which she threatened to increase to greatly predominant proportions unless England relinquished that command of the sea which had saved the world in the past four years as it saved the world from European tyranny in centuries gone by.

Great Britain, bled white, was in no position, financially or otherwise, to contest the new maritime claims of America which, to put it bluntly, had waxed fat on Europe's miseries. The Washington Treaty was signed on February 6, 1922, and with her signature England signed away her Maritime Supremacy for a mess of American pottage. By this treaty the battle fleets and air-craft carrier tonnages of the five signatory Powers were fixed as follows until 1936:—

	Great Britain. Tonnage	U.S.A. Tonnage	Japan. Tonnage	France. Tonnage	Italy. Tonnage
Battle fleet ...	525,000	525,000	315,000	175,000	175,000
Air-craft carrier ...	135,000	135,000	81,000	60,000	60,000

Further, Great Britain, U.S.A., and Japan tied themselves to a specified number of "capital" ships —15 : 15 : 9—none of which may exceed 35,000 tons. They are thus unable to increase the number of their ships of the line by reducing the individual tonnage of "replacement" ships or to employ the nominal tonnage of 525,000 allowed by increasing the size of their ships. France and Italy, on the other hand, very

wisely retained the right to use their 70,000 tons of "replacement" capital ship tonnage as they saw fit in that future which is now eventuating.

On total cruiser tonnage no agreement was reached as Great Britain at that time refused to tie her hands in a type of ship vital to her self-protection in securing her trade, and more particularly her oil and food supplies. It was agreed, however, that no cruisers should exceed 10,000 tons, or mount guns of a greater calibre than 8 in.

No agreement was reached on the limitation of submarines, France and Italy objecting to any such limitation, and agreement on destroyer tonnage foundered as a result of the quite legitimate taste of France and Italy for under-water craft.

In cruisers the Washington Treaty bred an outbreak of competition, leading to the 10,000-ton "Tin clads" which have proved to be exceedingly costly white elephants. If the situation left over to Great Britain from this treaty was hide-bound in ships of the line and carriers, it was at least elastic in cruisers and small craft, and very necessarily so in view of Great Britain's vast responsibilities. Under the subsequent guidance of pacifist minds that seem to be almost alien, Great Britain's fleet, including its cruisers, has become as dangerously clear, fixed and attenuated, as the international position at sea, in European waters, is confused, elastic, and menacing. It may be of value, therefore, to indicate briefly the course of events in the past nine years which has led this country into her dangerous situation.

In 1925 the League of Nations, the busybody of Europe with which America wisely will have no dealings, got busy for the disarmament conference foreshadowed by Article VIII of the League Covenant, in which article the nations are exhorted to reduce armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, an ambiguous and wordy phrase typical of the August Body. Meetings commenced in May, 1926, at Geneva, but at these

meetings it was found that the Powers were supremely anxious about that national security which the League itself is impotent to guarantee. This conference merely accentuated suspicion. In February, 1927, Mr. Coolidge, President of a republic that repudiates the League, came to the rescue of this international talking shop with invitations to another Five-Power Conference. British, Japanese, and U.S.A. delegates met at Geneva in June, 1927, the French and Italian Governments preferring merely to "observe" the proceedings. Agreement on the blessed word "Parity" was theoretically reached between Great Britain and America, though no practical application was achieved. At this conference the new disarmament jargon was greatly enriched, *categories*, *global tonnages*, *yardsticks*, and what not taking their places in the modernist language of the sea. The outstanding feature of this conference was the obstinate insistence of France and Italy on limitation by total tonnage, with freedom within the limit, whereas Great Britain, U.S.A., and Japan retained their unhappy preference for iron-bound rules with regard to categories, individual tonnages and specified armaments—for navies, in fact, that are suited to the ideas of a robot age.

Nothing but friction was the outcome, unless we credit to this abortive conference a great impetus to that pacifist fever which has now left Great Britain an object of ribaldry rather than of respect in other lands.

Yet another conference was suggested by U.S.A. at Geneva in 1929 in view of the peace pact "Renouncing war," signed at Paris in August, 1928. Whatever the varying values people may place on such "pacts," it can hardly be disputed that governments come and go; law and order, as in Russia and other countries, may break up, so that such "pacts" may become, as they have in the past, scraps of paper.

In May, 1929, the new President of U.S.A. followed with a public reference to "Yardsticks," a word as fascinating to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as is a carrot

irresistible when dangled before the nose of an ass. Off went Mr. MacDonald, at an American hand gallop, in the following autumn, for another pow-wow on the further mutilation of the British Fleet, and on October 7 the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Henderson, issued invitations for yet another conference in London, which terminated in the notorious London Naval Treaty of April 22, 1930.

The " goings on " at this conference are fresh in the public mind. Categories, global tonnages, sub-categories, yardsticks, transferable categories, over-age replacements, sliding scales, maxima, minima, and, indeed, the whole new maritime jargonese, bemused the public and turned Socialist bureaucrats into word-spinning seamen. Months dragged by in which the Royal Navy was bandied about and made ridiculous in a score of committees and sub-committees. At the eleventh hour, and to save the face of the Socialist Government, Great Britain, U.S.A., and Japan signed a treaty from which France and Italy dissociated themselves in all vital respects because France, with her relatively great maritime responsibilities, refused " Parity " with Italy.

By the terms of the treaty Britain, Japan, and U.S.A. reduce their ships of the line immediately to fifteen, nine, fifteen. Aircraft-carrier guns are limited to 6 in. The tonnage of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines is to have a maximum of 541,700 tons for Great Britain, 367,050 for Japan, 526,200 for U.S.A. The U.S.A. agreed not to complete more than fifteen 8-in. gun cruisers (tin clads) before 1935. Submarines were to be limited to 2,000 tons, but each Power could add three not exceeding 2,600 tons.

In view of the refusal of France to agree to " Parity " with Italy, it was clear that Great Britain might very soon find herself, as is now the case, in a very dangerous maritime position at sea with regard to France, and an " Escalator " clause was therefore inserted in the treaty by which Great Britain could increase her small ship tonnage if France increased hers, or if she retained a

large fleet of submarines. France and Italy can thus render the treaty futile and sow seeds of discord between Great Britain and America by compelling this country to implement the "Escalator" clause. To avoid any risk of escape from the naval chains in which the Government has securely shackled the country, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Craigie have, during the past few months, been flitting between London, Paris, and Rome, "conferring" in railway carriages and generally emulating the antics of movie stars. The British Fleet, once not only the pride and glory of England, but the bulwark of a quarrelsome world, is now reduced to little more than a counter in a war of foolish words.

In March this year a diplomatic triumph was proclaimed, and in an almost illiterate "Explanatory Memorandum," Messrs. Henderson and Alexander announce the results of their series of dashes, unaccompanied by a Sea Lord of the Admiralty, between London, Paris, and Rome. I have used the term "Explanatory Memorandum," though in truth its implications are so obscure as to make it impossible to be sure what it means, and to what further weakness at sea it exposes this island country.

A few facts, however, emerge. By this agreement France is allowed to break her engagements under the Washington Treaty and to construct two new ships of the line of 23,333 tons each, thus giving her an extra powerful battleship for which we are allowed no equivalent. In 1936 France will, admittedly, have a large over-age tonnage in existence, but Mr. Alexander states that it was made clear that the temporary retention of this large and valuable tonnage by France confers no claim to its ultimate replacement. Perhaps not, but she has it in existence all the same, whereas Great Britain scraps her fleet sharply up to time.

France has furthermore obtained the right, so far as it is possible to decipher the spate of words, to replace *under-age* cruisers mounting 8-in. guns and above before

1936, which concession, coupled with her freedom of action in the use of her total cruiser tonnage, seems to give her the means of having in commission in 1936 a fleet of cruisers, leaders, and destroyers which would nearly approach our own if, as is not the case, we were building ships that would give us the fleet which, by the Treaty of London, we are allowed. The ambiguity in the "Explanatory" statement has now sown discord in Anglo-French-Italian relations, the meaning of this "Replacement" clause being differently interpreted and, it need hardly be said, to the advantage of France and the disadvantage of ourselves.

France, again, has refused to reduce her fleet of submarines below 81,989 tons—a fleet comparable to the fleet of submarines available at any given time to Germany in the late war. All these matters are "noted" by the Government, but in the semi-divine name of "Pacifism," the "Escalator" clause is not invoked. Our building programme of last year is not beyond the stage of talk, and this year's programme, farcical in its inadequacy, has not yet reached the stage of talk. There is yet another conference due in 1932 which must not be "prejudiced" by any action on the part of England now. But this Disarmament Conference, billed for 1932, is, in its turn, preparatory only to yet another in 1935, at which the Washington Conference is to be reconsidered.

In order to have in commission in 1936 the totally inadequate number of fifty modern cruisers which is now the aim of the Government, a number which the late Board of Admiralty somewhat meekly accepted after previous statements that seventy were the very least with which we could give any sort of guarantee of security to our trade, it is necessary to complete about twenty-one ships before 1936 to replace old ships that will be branded as "over-age"—twenty years—by that date. In 1930, however, the Socialist Government decided not to formulate any proposals for future shipbuilding until the

results of the forthcoming Naval Conference were known and considered. Later in the year, however, the meagre cruiser programme of three 6-in. gun cruisers was sanctioned.

This year it has transpired that last year's programme has barely been commenced, and a few thousand pounds only had been spent in March. The 1931 programme, scarcely at the discussion stage, includes two 6-in. gun cruisers and one unspecified cruiser of about 5,000 tons. Thus, of the twenty-one modern cruisers required to give us fifty modern craft in 1935, six are named, of which three are scarcely begun and three not at all. Fifteen have not so far been considered. There must therefore be a great outbreak of shipbuilding in the next two years, probably by a Conservative Government, or our fifty modern cruisers will be reduced to about thirty in 1936. In the meantime the French and Italian shipbuilding yards are hives of industry, whereas ours closely resemble cities of the dead, skilled men drawing the soul-destroying dole in tens of thousands.

By 1932 the personnel of the Royal Navy will have shrunk to 91,000, nearly 20,000 short of U.S.A., and little in excess of Japan. That is the position of the once greatest maritime nation of the world—of a country of which Mr. MacDonald said, in his nauseating love of words, "The sea is us."

In passing it may be well to emphasize again the fatal mistake we have made in our preference for category and individual tonnage limitation. By this method we have tied ourselves to a specified number of ships, in many cases larger and more costly than was necessary, whereas France, with her sailor-like and logical preference for, and insistence on, total tonnage limitation, has secured a freedom of action which leaves the maritime position in 1936, in Europe, in a state of very dangerous uncertainty.

In the meantime this Anglo-French-Italian "Accord" turns out to be a source of acrimonious discord, and

"pessimism," with a wink, is manifesting itself in France. Messrs. Henderson and Alexander are roundly accused of wilful deception in their intervention between France and Italy over "replacement" programmes. Mr. Alexander may raise those cheers which are manna to him among his pacifist friends, but these cheers have an echo of Homeric laughter in France, a laughter mingled with a certain wistfulness for that decline and fall of the mighty British influence examined so lucidly by M. Siegfried in his recent book.

According to present arrangements, and assuming that Great Britain has the time and the desire to build the new ships to which present agreements at the moment entitle us, which now, as I have shown, we are not doing, in 1936 the paper strength of fleets will be as follows, so far as I can unravel the facts:—

	Great Britain.	U.S.A.	Japan.	France.	Italy.
Ships of the line	15	15	9	9*a*	6*a*
8-in. gun cruisers	15	18*b*	12	11*c*	7
6-in. gun cruisers	190,200 (35)	143,500 (32)	100,450	198,000	151,000
Destroyers ...	150,000	150,000	105,500		
Submarines ...	52,700	52,700	52,700	81,989	52,700
Aircraft carriers	135,000	135,000	81,000	56,146	34,000

(*a*) Includes over-age battleships of great fighting worth and two new battleships of 23,333 tons.

(*b*) U.S.A. retains the option of utilizing the total tonnage of three of these ships for smaller ships.

(*c*) The cruisers of France's 1930 programme are armoured and thus greatly superior to the 8-in. gun cruisers to which we are bound by treaty.

The figures opposite the total tonnage figures for 6 in. gun cruisers for Great Britain and U.S.A. indicate the number of ships to which we are, seemingly, restricted. France and Italy have systematically insisted on freedom of action within the limits, and we are thus in the uncomfortable position of being bound while wiser nations are free.

No useful purpose is served by further juggling with figures. Many of us share with France an intense dislike of what M. Tardieu justly styled "the unjust tyranny of mathematical formulæ."

No one can say with precision what the maritime position in the near future will be, but with regard to Great Britain we can say without fear of contradiction that those responsible for the safety of the country have proved totally unworthy of their trust.

Not only has the Socialist Government reduced the Navy to a figure totally inadequate for its duties, but the Navy now perversely insists on using a foreign fuel for the movement of what few ships remain.

Our so-called " Parity " with America is a startling disparity when we consider the position of this island, utterly dependent as it is for its fuel and food upon securing the trade routes of the world. How have pacifists the audacity to overlook our helplessness in emergency? How can America, unless she means to cause trouble, regard Great Britain and her world-wide Dominions as in need of a fleet no more numerous than her own, and by 1936 little superior to that of France. What of Australia, Canada, India, South Africa, and that vast array of scattered Dependencies? Are we not even now existing, as an Empire, on sufferance? Clearly we are. No one outside Bedlam can deny it. Few, indeed, trouble to deny it. The present Government, indeed, takes a pride in the fact, and as sufferance and dependence on others are now the vogue, and by members of all political parties, the Government, like Oliver, asks for more sufferance and a navy big enough to be exceedingly costly but inadequate in emergency to perform its duties.

But the nation, like Jairus' daughter, is not dead but sleepeth. When the sleeper awakes, the Pacifists who have reduced this country to the status of a beggar will quickly be sent about their business, if indeed they have any business outside the realm of windy words, the breeding of idleness, and the provoking of hatred and mistrust under the sickly and unmanly title of " Pacifism," which has as much relation to Peace as has " feminism " to femininity, " modernism " to modernity, " realism " to reality or, indeed, as have any of these latter-day " isms " to the great realities they caricature.

The "Idiots" and the Nation

By the Rt. Hon. James F. Hope

ONE of the most disconcerting phenomena now noticeable in England is the indifference or hostility to political life shown by educated men in various classes of the nation. The commercial man in his suburban train, the retired military officer at his club, the young don in his hallowed common-room, may be heard alluding to politics as something unworthy of his attention, if not dishonouring to his integrity. These are doubtless the most pronounced types, but behind them is a vast multitude who vaguely profess a political creed but who do nothing whatever beyond giving a bare vote to secure the adoption and enforcement of the principles they presumably uphold. And among these are to be found the people who, having done next to nothing for their party, turn against their leaders if, under the most difficult conditions, *they* fail to do everything for them.

Now I am by no means saying that it is the duty of every man and woman to be constantly active in politics. Many cannot from the sheer stress of life, some no doubt should not, such as the clergy or civil servants. There is a rightful abstention for many (ἡσυκία δίκαια, Demosthenes called it), but what is truly a strange phenomenon is that anyone should count it a matter of pride to take no interest in the Government of his country. It may be hard for some people to realize that they are the heirs of great possessions for which their forefathers (and it may be their sons) have laboured and fought and bled in their generations, and that they in turn are both tenants for life and trustees for their successors. But if such an argument makes no appeal one might suppose they would reflect that to allow unprincipled or incompetent men to attain power might imperil their own happiness and substance. But the selfish appeal falls as dead as the altruistic, and they go on living their lives in the self-created atmosphere of their own vanity or sloth.

What, after all, are politics? They are the affairs of

the πόλις, or city, and in the ancient civilization whence comes the name, men thought very differently upon such things. However shocking may have been the private vices of the Greeks, their sense of duty to the common weal was far higher than that of the modern European, and when considering politics theoretically it is to Greek examples and expressions that the student almost instinctively reverts. There to the free Greek citizen the honour, strength and repute of his city was all in all, and the man who would not play his part was called contemptuously an "ἰδιωτης, or privateer" from which our modern word "idiot" comes. No doubt it was easier to be patriotic in a little community where the problems and dangers were visible and tangible and where each man's power and responsibility were relatively great. But when a city has grown into a nation and a nation into an empire, the principle is unaltered, and the composite responsibility is greater though the individual share of it be less. What Athenian voter had such responsibility as may now be thrown on the girls of England in regard to the happiness of hundreds of millions in the Indian Empire alone?

How comes it that in modern England, men and women of education and means should think public affairs unworthy of their notice? Partly perhaps because their education, however admirable otherwise, has been wanting in the inculcation of patriotic duty. Partly because of the complexity of the issues. Partly because of the diversions of modern life. Partly from sheer unmitigated sloth. And partly because of a fashion among writers of representing politics as an unclean pursuit, and politicians as necessarily sullied. This conception, which is as grotesque as it is mischievous, would require a separate article to deal with. For the moment, I would rather refer to one striking result of the indifference and abstention I refer to—namely, the strange ignorance of constitutional practice and problems even among educated Conservatives.

For generations the merits of the British Constitution have attracted the admiration of disinterested foreign observers no less than the plaudits of national self-esteem. Nevertheless, however it may be applauded, it is little understood, and in the want of understanding lie the elements of disaster.

In all the controversies of 1909–11 over the Budget and the House of Lords, I remember well how hard it was to hold an audience for any length of time on the real constitutional issues involved; the average political mind soon grew wearied of the dangers of single-chamber government and the consequent greater strain upon the Crown, and fell back on the faults and merits of peers and politicians, landowners and on land taxes, tariff reform and the black loaf. So it was with the Irish question. Outrages and the liberties of Ulster were themes that would command attention; but it was beating the air to talk of dualism, Norway and Sweden, Austria and Hungary, or the merits of federalism and centralization.

And, again, when in the last Parliament a half-hearted and ill-prepared attempt was made to deal with the question of the House of Lords, a new generation of Conservative politicians rose up in protest against facing the issue, oblivious of the danger that has hung over the country since the arbitrary mis-settlement of 1911. The truth is that, so far as one may generalize, the English mind as now informed simply will not attend to a difficult problem unless it be imperatively forced on its notice in a particular and concrete form.

This general ignorance of constitutional practice extends to the ordinary proceedings of Parliament in spite of the reports in the daily press. For one thing the primary business of the House of Commons is forgotten. It is supposed to be the making of new laws, whereas in truth it is nothing of the kind. The main duty of the House of Commons is to find money for the King's Government and to make it over to His Majesty

for the specific objects indicated by His Ministers. With this duty, however, has been associated by long tradition the right of making clear to the Sovereign the legitimate grievances of his loyal subjects, and of delaying the granting of the supplies until these grievances are put in course of being redressed.

Now, some of these grievances may be redressed by the better action of the King's Ministers, or (as now) by their removal and replacement by better men; other grievances arise from defects in the law or the need of new laws to meet new conditions, the results of economic changes or it may be of scientific discoveries or other causes. In these cases legislation is necessary but it is a secondary function and not a primary. The primary function is "supply" and the discussion of grievances before supply. The King asks and the Commons grant; but they grant upon conditions and after full discussion of all matters on which the people may feel aggrieved.

If this principle be borne in mind a great deal of the criticism directed against Parliament and more particularly against the House of Commons is altogether beside the mark. Parliament is often contemptuously described as "the Talking Shop." It is meant to be a talking shop; its name implies it. The House of Commons is reproached as being an unbusiness-like assembly. It is not meant to be a business-like assembly; it is meant to be the safety-valve of the people and the means of expression of their discontents, humours, prejudices and aspirations. It is reproached as representing inadequately the wisdom of the nation; it is not meant to represent the wisdom of the nation; it is meant to represent the nation both in wisdom and in folly and it would not fulfil its object if the folly were not represented, even though the chaplain prays daily in sonorous words that the counsels of wisdom may prevail.

The position of the House of Lords is, of course, different. It does not vote supplies and has not therefore the same power of righting grievances by a control of the

executive. Its chief function really is to legislate and in particular to check the legislation of the Commons, and for this purpose it is eminently adapted through the constant supply of distinguished men who are added to its numbers for judicial, political or other public service. These men may truly be said to represent the wisdom of the nation, but the composition of the House as a whole is to my thinking quite indefensible on any principle, if only because no test of service or even of attendance is required of its members.

This, however, is a very large subject which cannot adequately be treated in one short article. I will only say that the mischief and danger of the position is that two parties in the State of deliberate intent desire to keep the House unreformed and weak, while the third has never attained the unity of policy and consequent driving power necessary to overcome the very real difficulties which reconstitution must involve. None the less the theoretical objections to the House of Lords are largely belied by its practical conduct of affairs. In conciseness, relevance and despatch it is a far more business-like assembly than the Commons, and it has a power on particular occasions of rousing or guiding public opinion which the Lower House appears to have lost. Still its position in the balance of the Constitution has for twenty years been gravely impaired, and to my mind the gravest fault of the late Government was their failure to persevere in their effort to restore the scale.

Up to the year 1911, although the House of Lords could not initiate supply or the ways and means complementary to supply, their concurrence with the Commons was necessary to the grants and levies which are involved. It is true that such concurrence was rarely withheld; but the right to withhold was a real safeguard against the abuse of wrapping up political objects in the garb of taxation for the needs of the year. In the Budget proposals of 1909 the Conservative Party and the House of Lords were of opinion that such an abuse was being

committed, and the concurrence of the Lords to the Finance Bill was accordingly refused. Whether the abuse was sufficiently flagrant to justify action with so little precedent is a matter of opinion; what is certain is that if the proposals of the Government were an abuse, the action of the Peers was necessary to stop it pending the decision of the electors. Now the danger may recur at any time, but the check is gone. So it is in other legislation, save in so far as delay may be efficacious. If the majority of the House of Commons remains of the same opinion for two years, they can get their way in anything, no matter how vehemently the country may disapprove.

In Great Britain there are special reasons why this unbalanced power of the House of Commons is more dangerous than it would be elsewhere. In the first place, we have no organic laws. In nearly all other great countries the powers of Parliament are limited. Certain things it can do and certain things it cannot. For example few countries could change themselves from a centralized unit to a federation without some special and probably complicated process outside Parliament, but in this country Parliament could give Home Rule to Scotland, Wales, the Scillies, and Lundy in one session by exactly the same process as would legalize Sunday cinemas. In America the Constitution is written and rigid, and if an alteration be suggested it requires most elaborate sanctions, not only in Congress, but in the legislatures of the States, and the same process is required for its reversal. In Great Britain the Constitution is unwritten, flexible, and can be changed at will. I do not argue that this is necessarily bad, but it clearly increases the danger if the active powers of Parliament are concentrated in one only of its organs.

Again, in some countries, notably Switzerland and Australia, measures which are within the competence of Parliament to pass are nevertheless subject to appeal to the electors. This, of course, is the Referendum, and

under it over and over again proposals apparently popular have been rejected by the people. It may not be the best check on the powers of a legislative chamber, but it is a very real one, and in ultra-democratic Switzerland it has worked surprisingly in a Conservative direction. Personally I favour its use for settling persistent and irreconcilable differences between Lords and Commons; but whether my view be right or not, the absence of such a provision adds enormously to the risk of the arbitrary abuse by a parliamentary majority of their temporary power.

Such, then, is our Constitutional position. One chamber is in one sphere totally disabled and at the best enjoys only a delaying power, while its moral strength is weakened by the nature of its composition. The electorate is enormous and largely inexperienced. There is no check whatever on the power of the popular chamber save the limit of the duration of Parliament and the latent prerogative of the Crown. Is no danger here apparent? I remember early in 1913, when travelling with Lord Stonehaven in the wake of the Balkan armies, having an audience with the old King of Greece, Queen Alexandra's brother, in Salonica, a few days before his lamentable murder. He spoke freely of the politics of his adopted country and told us he had been driven in self-protection to constitute some kind of revising council to check the absurdities of the Chamber, as he cared neither for the odium of refusing nor the responsibility of assenting to what he could not approve. Can we not imagine a situation here in which some project involving ruinous results could only be stopped by the act of the Crown in dissolving Parliament, in dismissing Ministers or in a revivalof the old formula "le Roi s'avisera". Such a position is easily possible, I would almost say that sooner or later it is likely, and it is one in which there should never be a risk that our gracious Sovereign should be placed.

Do the "Idiots" ever think of all these things?

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE past few weeks have witnessed a great deal of activity in the sphere of international politics, but nothing has been definitely settled. Indeed, it is one of the most regrettable features of post-war diplomacy that it is far more successful in raising problems than in solving them. The reason for this is not, in reality, far to seek, and it lies in the fact that, with one or two exceptions the men who control the destinies of Europe and America to-day are dwarfs, who endeavour to exaggerate their own importance by continually declaring that the questions with which they have to deal are of unparalleled difficulty; in short, they make mountains out of molehills.

Now it may well be true that these statesmen are wrestling with tasks which they feel to be enormous, but the truth is that it is not the tasks that are enormous but the statesmen who are puny. No historian could truthfully say that the difficulties of the present age are any greater than were those on a dozen odd occasions during the past four hundred years. Then, again, what is somewhat euphemistically termed the "machinery of peace" has in actual practice meant the setting up of innumerable committees and commissions at Geneva and elsewhere which, in default of work to keep them occupied, create some in order to justify their existence, so that, instead of the crisis producing the man, in this supposedly democratic age it is only too often the man that produces the crisis. One consequence of this is that trifles assume vast proportions that would be ludicrous if they were not so nearly tragic.

The other day, for example, Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General of the League of Nations, had his luggage examined at the Italian frontier in spite of the fact that he held a diplomatic passport, whereupon it was announced that the League would take the matter up with the Italian Government. When Signor Mussolini seized

Corfu, Geneva was impotent, but when some wretched *doganiére* lays a sacrilegous hand upon Sir Eric Drummond's suit-case the League makes an international incident out of it. Could anything be more absurd? At the same time, consideration of the really important problems, such as the proposed Austro-German Customs Union, is avoided as much as possible. It is little wonder that the ordinary man in the street, in increasing numbers and in all countries, is coming to despair of ever making democracy safe for the world.

Fear of Facing Facts

THE refusal of the modern statesman to face facts has never been so clearly proved as in the case of the proposed Austro-German Customs Union. It will be remembered that this was sprung upon the world by Berlin and Vienna at the very moment when an economic conference was about to be held in Paris, and it created the worst possible impression, since it forcibly recalled the old pre-war German attempts to confront the world with a *fait accompli* whenever possible. This unfavourable impression was increased by the failure of the German Foreign Minister, Dr. Curtius, to attend the Paris conference, and to explain the proposals in person. Upon examining them, the Quai d'Orsay decided that they were contrary to the Treaty of Versailles in that they limited the independence of Austria, and as Berlin refused to admit this, a situation of some delicacy arose. Mr. Henderson, acting on the advice of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, suggested as a compromise that the matter should be referred to the League of Nations, and, after some show of reluctance on the German part, this was done. When the League met, however, and there was every prospect of a serious disagreement, the problem was passed on to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, but even this body was only asked for an advisory opinion, and not for a definite ruling.

The question is merely being begged, and postponement will assuredly not make it any easier to settle. The decision of The Hague will not be binding, and if it is against the claim of Germany, as it well may be, the latter will merely proceed to raise the whole problem of the revision of the Peace Treaties, which is the one thing that Great Britain and France are desirous of avoiding. The official defence of this policy of putting off the evil day when a decision must be taken is that it gives tempers time to cool in the interval, but if, as in the present instance, they become more inflamed, delay only makes matters worse. It is true that procrastination is not a new disease among statesmen, but although they procrastinated in the past they did not proclaim their differences to the four winds of heaven while matters were in suspense.

The Danger of Drift

PUTTING off the evil day when difficulties must at last be faced never, in the long run, pays either in public or in private life. Before the war the same policy was pursued, and we all know with what disastrous consequences. The Moroccan crisis of 1906, the Balkan troubles of 1908–09, the Agadir embroglio of 1911, were all milestones on the road to the final catastrophe, and they all represented problems which had been shelved rather than settled. It is, of course, true that then there was one Power that was definitely working for war, while now there is none that actively wants it, but the parallel holds all the same. Furthermore, at the present time the international situation is more completely under the influence of the home politics of the various countries concerned than it has ever been in the past.

In Great Britain the Government has quite shamelessly exploited foreign problems in order to enhance its prestige with the electorate, and during the Naval Conference of last year its supporters were openly saying that so long as an agreement of some sort was reached the nature of the

agreement did not matter. The Right and Left in France make the attitude of that country towards its neighbours their regular battle-ground, as was so clearly proved at the Presidential Election a few weeks ago. As for Germany, foreign and domestic affairs had become inextricably confused; while in the background stands Russia, regarding the map of Europe solely from the point of view of the world-revolution. In these circumstances the situation is worse than it was before the war, quite apart from the already mentioned dearth of statesmen of the first rank.

The Last Word with France?

BARON WILLIAM DE ROPP writes from Berlin: "The Austro-German Customs Union, which was meant to provide the Government with a *succès d'estime*, has not only failed to do so, but has provoked a general attack on Herr Curtius' policy. The parties of the Left opposed the contemplated Customs Union from the very beginning as a dangerous and unwelcome departure from Stresemann's policy of close collaboration with the Western Powers.

In Democratic and Socialist quarters an understanding with France is still regarded as the only practical way out of the difficulties confronting Europe; by his attempt to present the world with a *fait accompli* Herr Brüning has, according to Democratic opinion, alienated the sympathies of moderate Frenchmen. This deterioration in Franco-German relations would not have been compensated for even by the successful establishment of the Customs Union. In Nationalist quarters the Government's attitude has been subjected to violent attacks. National Socialists and Nationalists aver that Dr. Brüning has played one of the strongest cards in the German hand, and failed to take the trick. It is contended that the Customs Union should only have been brought into the arena of practical politics if both the Governments had been determined to make the scheme a reality even in the face of the

strongest opposition from France and other Powers. German Nationalists regard the result at Geneva as a complete fiasco of Dr. Curtius' policy, which has not only fatally compromised the Austro-German Customs Union, but has jeopardized the expansion of German influence in the South-east of Europe.

The decision to refer the juridical examination of the scheme to the Hague Court is regarded in Nationalist quarters as the first step towards the definite abandonment of the plan. Although it is believed that the juridical position of Germany and Austria is perfectly sound, France is expected to create an international situation by the autumn which will make the realization of the Customs Union impossible even in case of a favourable verdict in the Hague."

Hitler's New Supporters

"HERR CURTIUS' failure to achieve success at Geneva has reacted on the internal political situation in Germany, and has undoubtedly contributed to the National Socialist success in the Oldenburg elections. The result of these elections is highly significant, and enables one to form a clearer opinion regarding the future of Herr Hitler's party than was possible a month ago. By affirming in the most emphatic manner his intention to come to power by legal means only the National Socialist leader has gained many new supporters. The Oldenburg result demonstrates the rapid advance made by the Nazis amongst the peasantry, the contention that the Hitler party's growth in rural districts is due to unfair pressure exerted by large landowners does not hold good for Oldenburg where big estates are almost non-existent.

A further proof of the progress made by Nationalism is furnished by the record attendance at the Stahlhelm Rally at Breslau, where 150,000 men were concentrated on the 30th and 31st May. The prominent part played at this meeting by the ex-Crown Prince is generally

interpreted as a symptom of revival of monarchism in Germany, but this rather superficial view hardly seems to accord with facts. The restoration of the monarchy is not a question of practical politics at the present time, and it is probable that the Crown Prince attended merely as representative of the Hohenzollern, who, in the minds of all Nationalist Germans, are closely identified with the old Prussian spirit of militant efficiency. The revival of this spirit is one of the foremost aims of the Stahlhelm. Germany's post-war army was represented by General Heye, marching in the ranks as an ordinary Stahlhelmer. General Heye only recently retired from the Reichswehr where, as *Chef der Heeresleitung*, he had held the highest military post. His presence at the Breslau Rally has been severely criticized in Democratic quarters."

Trouble Ahead in Spain

IN the absence of any sensational news from the Peninsula, the British Press is ignoring Spanish affairs altogether, though it is to be hoped that the unsophisticated reader will not therefore conclude that the situation in Spain has taken a turn for the better. If the Government has not yet been overturned by the Left, it is only because it is doing the latter's work very effectively, and the time has not come for the extremists to show themselves too openly. The confiscation of King Alfonso's property is an act of injustice for which one would have to go back to the universally reprobated action of Napoleon III against the Orleans princes to find a parallel.

The excuse is that there are charges pending against him for his attitude during the dictatorship, but these have not yet been preferred, and, in any event, in no civilized country is a man's property sequestrated until he has been convicted. It was not thus that King Alfonso treated his own enemies when he had the power. Then, again, the Republic makes a great deal of the fact that it has established religious freedom. In

reality, this was guaranteed by the Constitution of 1876, and was always respected under the monarchy. What the new regime means by religious freedom is almost certainly freedom to attack religion, and the Spanish Communists are already declaring that they are going to mete out the same treatment to the Church in Spain as has been accorded to the Church in Russia. Meanwhile, the ineffable Señor Zamora is roundly abusing all who have taken their money out of the country, and has proudly announced that he has transferred his back again. In other words, he adopted the same attitude in the days of the dictatorship that he now denounces as unpatriotic.

The elections are fixed for June 28th, and every precaution is being taken by the authorities to ensure the return of an overwhelming republican majority. When the Cortes meets, the real trouble will begin, if the lessons of history mean anything, and in the interval it is worth recording that the Republican Government is just as unconstitutional as was the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera, which it never tires of denouncing.

Russian Menace in Morocco

THE Achilles' heel of the Spanish Republic is Morocco, and there are already signs of impending trouble in that country. The Foreign Legion, largely Spanish in composition, is disaffected, and the appointment of a civilian as High Commissioner is not likely to make matters any easier. The Communists are already employing the same methods that were so successful in Russia in 1917, and are telling the soldiers that unless they return to Spain at once they will not get their share of the land which is now to be divided among the peasants.

At the same time, the Moors in the towns are being encouraged to put forward the old familiar demands for self-government (and apparently the restoration of Cordova Cathedral as a mosque), and those in the

country are being egged on to rise in armed revolt, as in the days of Abd-el-Krim. By this means Moscow hopes to precipitate a first-class European crisis, for it believes that any serious disturbance in the Spanish Zone would be followed by the intervention of France, and that, in its turn, would bring Great Britain and Italy upon the scene, for neither of them is anxious to see the control of the Straits pass into French hands. Such being the case, the hand of Russia can also be traced in the Catalan demand that no soldiers from Catalonia be sent to Morocco in the future. Altogether, a very pretty witches' cauldron is brewing in Tetuan and the Riff.

A Plea for Co-operation

THE Istituto Nazionale Fascista di Cultura has just published a volume which should be in the hands of every student of international politics. *Italia e Francia nei problemi attuali della politica europea*, by Arrigo Solmi (Milano. Fratelli Treves. 18 Lire) contains a complete and reasoned statement of the Italian case. The author argues that from the moment that Great Britain and the United States refused to give France the guarantee which she wanted, the Quai d'Orsay would have been well advised to have sought an understanding with Italy.

In effect, Signor Solmi's whole work is a plea for a closer relationship between the two Latin Powers in defence of their common civilization. In this, of course, the author is but echoing the sentiments of the late Signor Simonatti, who met so tragic a death last year, in his *On Prépare Un Crime : La Guerre Franco-Italienne* (Paris. Éditions de la " Revue Mondiale." 12 Francs), but it is a truth that cannot be repeated too often.

It is indeed good news that on both sides of the Alps there should be a tendency to stress what the two countries have in common, instead of continually harping upon their differences.

The Hilpe Correspondence

By Douglas Woodruff

MY friend Edward Hilpe used to say that he had learnt more during his undergraduate years at Oxford from the letters he found lying about in the rooms of his friends than from all the formal lectures he attended. There is something about letters which makes them peculiarly easy vehicles for expression, and people, particularly elderly women, who would be terrified and pen-tied if asked to write an article for printing, have no sort of difficulty in writing long and forceful letters which they know quite well will in fact be passed from hand to hand and read very much more widely and critically than the article in the Parish Magazine would have been. I have consequently made it a rule to read all letters that are shown to me, in the hope of learning as the bolder and less finicky mind of my friend Hilpe has learnt, and it so happens that Hilpe himself, since his unfortunate but hardly untimely end, has provided me with much that I have eagerly devoured. He had the inestimable advantage of an uncle at once wealthy, so that his opinion seemed worth obtaining, copious of vocabulary and geographically remote. He wrote a number of letters to Edward and Edward dispatched to the distant Herefordshire home his honest and deliberate replies. Even in dealing by letter with a respected relation, Edward Hilpe kept copies of his own letters, so sharp and so well remembered were the unfortunate experiences of his early life, and it has been no particular labour for an executor to see which letters belong together. The following run seems to be quite complete.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I DO not like to write what must seem a reprimand, as indeed it is. But I could not help noticing that you, alone of my relatives and guests, wore a soft hat at the unveiling of the Window in

St. Ethelburga's to my revered father, your grandfather. It is little things like this which reveal the heart of a man and I am sure your better self would rather have been properly clad in a top hat, such as every gentleman should possess, particularly in these democratic days when distinctions are being obliterated. Do not let things slide.

Your affect. Uncle,

R. HILPE.

To this epistle, at once so kindly and so firm, Edward answered, I consider imprudently, by a frank statement of his position and views.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

THANK you so much for writing to me and letting me know what was passing in your mind while we were kneeling in prayer in St. Ethelburga's. It is true I did not come in a top hat. To be quite frank I left the borrowing of one till too late in the day. I have not possessed a top hat since I left school. I have always borrowed, and at forty eight I do not expect ever to have to buy one. As I look at the matter, a man must either have a top hat or move in the tophatted world. Provided he does so move, it is simply untrue and fantastic to think the day will ever come when all his friends and acquaintances will be wearing their top hats. You may instance a royal funeral, but it is always possible to stay indoors on great national occasions. You yourself have often said it is the best place to be. As it seems to me if I live, as I should rather like to do, till I am 75, that is 27 years. Looking round my relations and friends, I do not see that there will be more than two funerals a year, and as for weddings I doubt if there will be a dozen in all that I shall want to go to. I do not go to Court and I cheerfully forgo the pride of being able to lend a conjurer my hat at a children's party. I do not like children's parties. So that I have no hesitation at all when I ask myself which I prefer, to save useless

expenditure, or to face the occasional necessity for appearing differently hatted from my fellows. I don't deny that I would rather have been like everybody else at the Window ceremony, but not so much rather that I can consider, at my mature age and after so many borrowing successes, being driven, even by your strong pen, dear Uncle, into actually buying from some sneering hatter, a silk top hat for a good guinea or so. You have often mentioned thrift in your letters to me and so I remain,

Your thrifty nephew,
EDWARD HILPE.

This brought a tornado.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

THE tone of your letter, its easy insouciance, and the way my quiet and dignified letter, a letter I may point out of rebuke that never became anger, has been treated by you as a scolding, do not sadden me so much as does your general avowed attitude to top hats. Believe me, dear Nephew, you boast of your eight and forty years and I would not belittle them. There have been many fine men of forty-eight and less. But I am sixty-seven, and I have seen much more of the world. I tell you that top-hatting is a very much more important thing than you seem to suppose. If you had been more often in London before the War you would remember how the greatness and dignity of the City, at a time when it led the World unchallenged, was symbolized in these hats. The Chinese Mandarins delighted in long and curling finger nails, as proof that they had no need to live by the work of their hands and it was in something of the same spirit that we wore our top hats. They were delicate things, and to wear them showed an easy refinement of circumstances, and proved that their wearer had no need to jostle and push for a livelihood or to go in fear of his poorer fellow men. You attempt by some base and petty arithmetic to prove that it would not pay

you to acquire a top hat at forty-eight. You write crudely, my dear Nephew, as though a top hat only counts for anything in the life of a man when it is actually upon his head or in his hand. Dear foolish Nephew! Produce your guinea, and buy your hat and learn the importance of possession. They also serve who only stand and wait is true of top hats also. Deep in their special leather boxes, under beds, in wardrobes, in boxrooms even, they still support and serve the dignity of a man. You would, I am sure, see the point at once if anybody argued that Admirals or Field Marshals needed no splendour in their full dress, because by the time they reached those great commands they could calculate the months for which they would hold them, and the few occasions they would need their splendours. The mere existence of these things changes and moulds the owners of them. You have been, in this matter of top hats, a parasite upon your class in Society and I make no doubt whatever myself that you have exposed yourself to the temptation to commit innumerable little meannesses because you never fortified your self respect with the powerful guardianship of a ritual headdress. I do not know if you steal not only whole match boxes from your Club, but even take away the Club's circulating library books. Somebody does these things in every Club. No matter how careful the election process, it has not pleased Heaven to let men form clubs in which these sins do not lift their heads, and the connection is only too close and real between what I must call the shift and scramble attitude to life which your letter to me so painfully reveals and the attitude which gladly snatches surreptitious advantages where it can. Above all, do not let me hear again anything about those mathematical computations of use and longevity. When you are my age you will have come to a profounder view of time, and will feel altogether less transient. Quite young men, like boys, regard themselves as immortal and realize their mortality with a shock somewhere in middle

life. That, too, passes, and a man ceases to have that sense of measurement which seems to afflict you so acutely. He is more conscious of the present, and reckons that what matters is to be what he ought to be; I venture to say no man of my years could have appeared at the unveiling of the Window dressed as you were dressed. He would have been disgracefully dead of culpable diseases, or wisely locked up by his fellows long before for offences which would have been the natural outcome of earlier indulgence in the most unfortunate temper and way of conduct which your ill-conceived letter so unhappily expressed.

Meanwhile I remain,

Your Affect.

UNCLE.

That letter made Edward Hilpe very angry. He wrote back at once.

DEAR UNCLE,

ANYBODY would think from your letter, which I read to the end, that Social usages had something to do with morality and that the horrible conventionally correct people you see coming out of Society Weddings were armoured by their morning coats against the temptations of the Devil. They may fortify themselves with pride of caste and a keen sniffing scent for the approval of their fellows, so that they escape one set of temptations and leave the Club matches alone. But I must say, and you must realize, that this immunity from the peccadilloes of those with too little formal self respect is bought at altogether too great a price. I would much rather a friend of mine did sneak books from the Club's circulating library than that he indulged in the awful baseless pride that goes so easily with being correctly clad. I think everybody ought to have to go to at least one function a year dressed all wrong, as a corrective, and I wish you would look on my appearance at the Window ceremony in that light. What I partic-

ularly resented in your letter was not the "older and wiser than thou" note—I am used to that and I think it quite fair; it is an inducement to me to keep fit and achieve your age in order to pass back the patronage. No, what riled me was your mixing up a horrid recent ostentatious sham, the Victorian stove-pipe hat done in silk, with the real traditional forces upon which right living rests. It always seems to me that you and your friends, particularly old Colonel Borthling, do endless harm to the Conservative cause, using those words in the widest sense, because you are always trying to conserve everything you happen to be used to, whether it is good or bad, really fundamental or an evil accident. Anybody might think from the way you write that to appear in church in a soft hat was as bad as not appearing there at all. I was most careful to be present. The idea of a Memorial Window to my grandfather, your father, seemed to me an admirable act of filial piety. It was not I, nor you, who thought of the idea at first. It was the vicar, gazing at the plain white glass and wondering which of his parishioners or ex-parishioners might think their ancestor worth honouring. It does not seem to me to matter at all that it was the vicar who thought of the window or that he was thinking of his Church. The act we all agreed to do was a good act, because it is right that, as love goes downwards through the generations, honour should go upwards. Grandfather was rather an old curmudgeon from all accounts, but he was an honest and clean-handed curmudgeon, and it was in his household that my father learnt the decencies of life and picked up his share of the traditional wisdom of his forbears. To honour the dead, say I, is good and, like everything else, is to be expressed in an act, in his case the erection and unveiling of a window. In a top hat, you add, and there I resolutely part company. I had never, as I told you in my first much too conciliatory letter, bothered my head much with top hats. Now I see that there was profound wisdom in my instinctive

avoidance of them. You wore one and let it get on your brain, and now you seem unable to see it for what it is, a very good example of the kind of thing that gets conserved at the price of alienating all sorts of decent people from the idea that anything ought to be conserved at all. Nineteenth century England, the lingering prejudices of the Duke of Wellington, the City of London as it was before the War, if you appear to champion these things to-day, for Heaven's sake make it plain that you recognize them for what they are and do not use in defending them the very same language that you use when you are defending things that really are the framework of civilized life. I should have thought enough was being attacked and questioned to-day to keep any decent man busy in its defence without weakening that defence by championing a great deal of last century stuff that is better out of the way. Even nephews sometimes write sense, so reflect, dear Uncle, on these remarks of

Your still affect.

NEPHEW.

Old Robert Hilpe was rather pleased than otherwise by this. He filled his fountain pen with care and set apart a whole afternoon to put his nephew in his place.

MY DEAR BOY (he wrote),

IT was indeed a pleasure to get your letter, with its evidences of thought. I quite forgive the tone you adopted towards me, so different from the tone of so many of your previous letters, because I feel it is very much to your credit that you really seem a little stirred. I am not disposed to continue to point out the importance of ritual headgear, since you have raised the more important general issue that the defence of traditional things, a defence I have made peculiarly my own in the years of my retirement, is gravely prejudiced by the lack of discrimination in what we defend. I was reminded at once of your vehement refusal to help in the canvassing

at the last election when Sir John Hargath seemed in some danger at Preen, and the denunciation you wrote me—dear boy, I have it still and I treasure it—saying that Conservatism was losing itself in defending the profits of Victorian tradesmen. You repeated the gibe that Conservatives only sought to conserve what their opponents in previous generations had won. You said that too much of what had grown up in Victorian England was the work of people who were economic revolutionaries while they were political Liberals or Conservatives. You said—and I sent on the passage to Sir John, hoping he would use it in one of his long speeches, but he did not—that Socialists were constantly claiming that Socialism was the logical and, indeed, inevitable development of Capitalism, and that there could be no greater condemnation of Socialism in proportion as the Capitalism out of which it arose so naturally was itself an evil and distorted growth. Perhaps it was simple of me to think that Sir John could make use of such an argument, or, indeed, understand it. I am quite ready to agree with you that we are cluttered up with a great deal we should be better without. So much that is called the old ways proves to be no more than the instinctive conveniences adopted by the rising middle classes a hundred years ago. So far I go with you. But you know, we have often discussed it, how much I dislike arbitrary eccentricity which has no positive basis. What I disliked about your appearance at the church was that it looked unstudied, as though you were below appreciating the argument for tophattedness, not fortified with a superior argument of your own. Your attempted defence was wretchedly personal, taking no notice of your social duty to preserve or improve upon what you find, and to leave your heritage better than it was, or at the least not diminished by mere sloth and apathy. I like you much better now that you roundly attack the whole idea of tophattedness. If you want to let yourself go about the false façade of

the past which the wealth and dominance of nineteenth century England has left on the minds of the present age you are safe to do so with me. They were live and vigorous, those generations just ahead of us. They were thoroughly scared of Jacobinism which seemed to threaten good living from below just when trade and invention was opening the prospect of it to a growing middle class. People naturally rigid and puritanical as were all the hardworking poor, found that the habits which were valuable—as Samuel Smiles, whose works I know you had, as a boy, loved to show—as the means to success were also extremely valuable as a bulwark of social order. The early rising, the thrift, the close secretiveness about money and the removal of money gifts from beyond the normal range of friendly offices, all this supported the view which the mass of the poor were meant to adopt, that life was an economic competition with clear rules and fair prizes. I don't want to condone their philosophy and their much trounced insincerity and the high motives they claimed for becoming and staying rich. But a thing is not necessarily a mistake for being an innovation of your grandfather's day, and I still think that a more discerning nephew would have taken particular pains to succeed in producing a top hat for a ceremony so intimately associated with a grandfather. I doubt if any good old customs would ever be able to take root if it were not for the forbearance of grandchildren and children, for everything has to pass through a time when it seems inconvenient and stupid and has not acquired the charm of antiquity. I was instinctively angry with you, dear boy, because I thought your breach of convention revealed a floating rootless state. But no one knows better than I do that there are many tried traditions, and even your soft hat may have its pedigree. Perhaps it was the nearest you could get to a cowl. It is natural for Conservatives to let what they find in existence pass with little challenge; existence is a great thing and nobody more intolerable than the botchers

and jerrybuilders who would make the world anew. But not all things are equally to be fought for. My blessing.

Your affect.
UNCLE ROBERT.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

THANK you so much for your letter. I feel you are not inclined to press the tophat further if I will meet you about tradition which I am really quite ready to do. We are neither of us, Heaven be praised, nonconformist tradesmen of the last century, going forward with shouts to demand the abrogation of established privilege. All that was stale by 1910. We do not want particularly to attack or defend the things of the last century except for what they were and are in themselves. I feel rather proud to be the impatient grandchild who breaks the Top Hat on Great Occasions custom. I am not penitent about that. I slapped my thigh with approval, when I read your sentence about the trouble with tradition being the number of contradictory traditions, or as I would have put it, the number of pretenders to the rights of tradition. Among them the top hat, Uncle dear, and so much of the gear of the last two centuries, burdening

Your affectionate nephew,
EDWARD.

The Book of the Month*

By J. D. Gregory

NOT so very long before the tragedy of 1914, there occurred one of the intermittent debates on Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons. The debate was preceded by a number of Questions on a burning public scandal of the day. The House was packed to overflowing at Question time. No sooner was that over than a backbencher rose to open the debate on Foreign Affairs. The stampede of Members, jostling one another in their efforts to escape from its tedium, was so noisy that the speaker could barely be heard. Within a few minutes Sir Edward Grey was left virtually isolated on the Treasury bench, backed by a dozen Members and faced by considerably less. It was amid this amazing lack of interest in the relations of our country with the outer world that the Government had to take their vital decision a few weeks later.

This grim reminiscence leads to the ever-recurring reflection, whether in the grave issues of peace and war, a nation, either indifferent or perforce only partially informed, is less at the mercy of its political leaders under a democratic than under an autocratic regime. "Our enemies," gibes the main character in a recent English war book, based on Remarque s crude realism, "are the politicians we pay to keep us out of war and who are too damned inefficient to do their jobs properly."

Less unintelligent is the half mystic belief in an intangible Machine functioning through, but independently of, the recognised executive and spasmodically manifesting itself in war. Neither Sovereign, nor government, nor people deliberately create the Machine, though all are subject to its inexorable operations, when it chooses to come into action. But it is a fatalistic belief, based on an antiquated determinism,

* Prince von Bülow's Memoirs, 1897–1903. (Putnam.)

which argues a culpable passivity on the part of its devotees.

Be all that as it may, the democratic contention that absolutist regimes are the sole fomenters of war can hardly be sustained in the presence of the volcanic conditions prevailing in the chaos of to-day. Imperial Autocrats and their personally selected Chancellors have disappeared off the map. Yet, as the whole world knows, and despite, or perhaps because of, Leagues and Peace Societies, the conception of war persists as actively as ever, less in many ways as a final means of settling an international dispute—there is an alternative machinery for that—than as a still normal attribute of international relations. It does not need a trained observer to be aware that the gravest menace to peace is the approaching Disarmament Conference.

There is nevertheless an important difference between our epoch and the epoch, 1897 to 1903, covered by the first volume of the Bülow Memoirs. The latter was equally infected by the senseless assumption that there must be war—sometime, somehow, with whom, against whom, for what purpose, was subsidiary. But the assumption still rested on a basis of pure eighteenth or seventeenth century mentality—that abomination which had resulted from the disruption of Christendom and brought in its train internecine nationalism and the spirit of Frederick the Great, producing a house, not merely, in the worst sense, divided against itself, but totally devoid of all moral responsibility towards its inhabitants.

The first stages of Bülow's administration display an outlook saturated with this spirit. The cynicism of the chief actors is startling. Even if we admit the Chancellor's veracity and that of the Kaiser—and in this domain there is no intrinsic reason to doubt it—the only motives, on their own showing, that restrained them from embarking on a war of some kind—the kind was immaterial—were those of pure personal

expediency, in the one case the fear of jeopardizing the dynasty and its friends, in the other a temperamental dread of the great test. Nevertheless having overtly or tacitly established this maxim for their own peace of mind, Kaiser and Chancellor deliberately set out, with a levity that is difficult to credit in men of even mediocre intelligence, to play with fire. A feverish diplomatic campaign is opened, without a moment's delay, with the object of bringing about political combinations which, if they do not envisage eventual and callous war, have no meaning.

Bülow is never tired of accusing his fellow-countrymen of lacking political sense. They have not even a national sense, he insists. They lose their nationality quicker than any other race, to the Poles in the Eastern Marshes, for instance, unless the strong Prussian hand grips them and forcibly holds them down within the Bismarckian framework. A sense of patriotism has, in fact, to be dinned into them, and their international policy has to be made for them. They can have no say in the matter, for they are totally incapable of deciding for themselves. Yet, if we are to take Bülow seriously, it was a case of the blind leading the blind, for it is impossible to discern that he had any better sense of directive than had his compatriots whom he so gratuitously despises. Shorn of highsounding phrases about the glories of Prussia-Germany, the only clear goal that dangled before the unstable imagination of the Kaiser and his Chancellor—for in substance, there was nothing to choose between them—was their own security.

The period 1897-1903 is a history of the worst form of personal vacillation. Certainly, and not unnaturally, one theme dominates the rest, just as, in another form, it does to-day, namely the eternal, possibly insoluble, problem of Russia. But not only is there no consistency of attitude, but the issues at stake are treated with an almost incredible shallowness. There is not

a trace of what would be now called an ideological conception of the problem. At least in these days that part of modern Germany which, under the dissolvent influence of Keyserling, looks Eastwards, does so spontaneously, wantonly, but intelligently, just as the "Westerner," Moenius, can shout with Henri Massys that, by any concession to a perverted Byzantinism, civilization is a traitor to its spiritual origins. Both sections can give an account of their faith. But the Germany of Bülow's administration was content to be led hither and thither with no fundamental prop, just as the wind of ephemeral events blew, or the whims of an uncontrollable Sovereign dictated.

When Bülow appeared as Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1897, the Russian Re-insurance Treaty, Bismarck's creation, had been denounced, with chaotic results for German Foreign Policy. The Franco-Russian Alliance was, on paper, an accomplished fact. In effect, there was nothing substantial to set off against it but a violent anti-Polish policy—the partition of Poland being as ever the *berceau sanglant* of Prusso-Russian friendship. But this evil heritage must be backed and strengthened by a consolidation of dynastic ties. The Kaiser and the Tsar must conclude a personal pact. "Nicky" must be coaxed, flattered, fêted. The interest of the two Imperial Houses must conceive a joint interest in eternal Russo-German solidarity. Hence spectacular meetings of the two Sovereigns are staged at Peterhof, Potsdam or Darmstadt: even eccentric improvisations such as the *opéra bouffe* performance at the little Russian village of Wyschtyten, when the Kaiser, galloping across the frontier in the uniform of a Russian Field Marshal, must needs admonish a crowd of burnt out Jews on the heavenly joys of Tsarism.

Thus the dependence of political combinations on amenities between Sovereigns become not only a major, but a decisive factor, in the current policy of Prussia-Germany; and conversely personal jealousy, rancour or

petty friction are a menace to peace between Prussia-Germany and her neighbours. And this holds good not only of Sovereigns but of their chief Ministers. Even the objective Bismarck in 1899 had been stung by a slight from Alexander II to a hasty conclusion of the Austrian Alliance. But the ridiculous is reached when the good will of a country is made dependent on the bestowal or non-bestowal on a fifth-rate Minister of a tenth or twentieth-rate decoration. Yet this is what is seriously reported by Bülow in the case of Lambsdorff, Muravieff's feeble successor as Russian Foreign Minister, when, so we are told, the chances of an *entente* between Russia and Germany turned on the highly debated question whether this worthless man should receive the Black Eagle or the newly created Kaiser William Order. Frivolity in playing with the lives of millions could hardly go further.

Bülow himself sanctimoniously claims to be above these unworthy considerations. He boasts that he has all the orders, and, in one of his numerous moods of self-praise, carefully enumerates the list (from which incidentally the British is missing). Yet, for the edification of his readers, he insists that he sets no store by any of them. He proclaims loudly that he cannot be swayed by flattery and toadying, unlike his Imperial Master and most of his colleagues. Yet, almost at the risk of a public scandal, he appoints the admittedly inadequate Count Monts, his chief sycophant, and the buffoon of the Memoirs, to be Ambassador in Rome. The cordial reception which Bülow personally received in England during the Imperial visit to Windsor in 1899 undeniably affected his conduct of Anglo-German relations. For all his professions to the contrary he showed as little sense of objectivity as the unreliable colleagues whom he is so fond of attacking. And it is impossible not to perceive that the whole conception of government prevailing in his time and practised by himself was predominantly personal.

It is thus in human contemporary portraiture, as affecting the kaleidoscopic diplomacy of the period, that lies his main contribution to history. Whether wholly reliable or not, it forms an entertainingly malicious exhibition. There are, it is true, a few pleasant physiognomies dotted here and there, but most of the collection portray intrigues of the basest sort—courtiers, politicians, officials and diplomats, who set their personal ambitions far above the interests of their country. Occasionally one of them escapes directly malevolent criticism, but only by the skin of his teeth. Bülow is not flattering to his Prussian contemporaries.

The outstanding portrait is of course that of the Kaiser himself, which does not, however, differ substantially from the popular conception of this incalculable personality that always prevailed in England. The interest lies in the frank discussion among his entourage on the open question of his mental balance. Bülow himself seems to have harboured periodic doubts on the subject, but, whether from conviction or expediency, decided in the Kaiser's favour. The period of the first volume of the Memoirs stretched from the Kruger telegram, the responsibility for which was not clearly fixed, to the spectacular visit to Leo XIII amid the clatter of squadrons of Gardes-du-Corps. It covers the adulation of Abdul Hamid at Constantinople, coupled with delirious praise of Islam and Saladin, the theatrical entry into Jerusalem, the Hun speech at Bremerhaven on the departure of the troops to serve under Waldersee in China, the glorification of the Roman Emperors at the Saalburg, and a host of minor eccentricities. Indeed, apart from crazy letters to intimates, like Philip Eulenburg, there was sufficient material on which to ground the debate on the Imperial sanity. Yet Bülow emphasizes the better side of this egocentric individual, his good nature, his willingness to accept criticism and repair damage wrought, his constant wish to avoid war. His incessant play-acting, his

childish delight in manœuvres and uniform, his truculent speeches, his megalomania, which led him at one point to compare himself with Lorenzo the Magnificent, are to be interpreted as a sign that, being in reality a temperamentally timid man, William II wished to persuade the world as well as himself that he was afraid of nothing and nobody. The impression left is that he was one of those unfortunate individuals who do not know what they really do want, and so spend their life covering up the mistakes into which an irrepressible but rudderless energy has led them.

Certainly no better confirmation of this judgment can be found than in his almost daily shilly-shallying in the realm of foreign politics. He had no easy task, it is true, when he sent for Bülow. The uncomfortable dilemma into which the denunciation of the Re-insurance Treaty, already referred to, had landed him, the irresponsible character of Austro-Hungarian statesmen, the unconcealed chafing of Italy against the Triple Alliance, the probable reaction of England to the creation of the German fleet, the anti-English feeling throughout Germany over the South African War, were not helpful.

So Bülow and he set to work together to unravel the tangle—hampered by a confusing array of the most variegated and interfering influences—civil, naval and military "cabinets," personal friends, stray acquaintances from other lands, caprices, enthusiasms, disclaimers, disloyalties, mutual distrust. What could result out of all this but the most dangerous dilettantism? At one moment they inclined to a firm German-Russian alliance, pointed at England, at another to an Anglo-German entente, short of an actual alliance, save on purely Prussian terms, pointed at Russia. Nothing could better illustrate the amateur nature of the Kaiser-Bülow diplomacy than the bid for good relations with "arrogant," "patronizing" England, nor could there be a better tribute to the solid statesmanship

of our country, than its dignified attitude towards the pathetic efforts to win the favour of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, the latter through so dubious a channel as Baron von Eckhardstein. The Prussian upstart cuts a very poor figure, and achieves nothing.

So in the end Bülow falls back on what is virtually the Kaiser's personal policy, namely, to talk very big, and to impress the world with Prussian bluster, while taking care to assert German interests only in such places where such assertion involved a cheap victory over helpless people and no risk. The Kiaochow incident is a flagrant example of cold-blooded utilization, not for redress, but for pure political expansion, of the murder of a few unfortunate missionaries. Of such rank humbug and hypocrisy are we reaping the fruits to-day. Yet Bülow admits that Germany was already "getting on the world's nerves."

In short, the story of himself and of his time which Bülow, with senile *naïveté*, appears to have written as a form of apologia, gradually unfolds itself as a revelation of the very opposite which he must have intended. We must, however, give him his due and admit that he is a good *raconteur* and an admirable purveyor of gossip and scandal. The story therefore amuses, but does not edify. In fact the temptation is great to brand his attitude towards persons as that of a bounder, towards things as that of a fraud. Bülow himself expressed a preference for evading realities and so in this respect, this respect alone, it is perhaps more decorous to imitate him, and let his Memoirs speak for themselves.

Yet we may be grateful to him for one important contribution to history. He may have damaged himself and his Master by revealing their unprofessional methods, on the one hand, and their crime in treating nations as mere pawns in the game of peace and war, on the other: he may, by his own ineptitude and intrigue have sinned against Europe by preparing the ground

for the catastrophe that was to follow; he may have damaged his own country by creating an atmosphere in which the germs of war could successfully breed; he may have damaged Monarchy at the very moment when it was vital to preserve our fundamental institutions, but he has—doubtless unintentionally—rendered our country a signal service, by shattering that most grotesque of all legends, namely, that during those years of single-minded conduct of our foreign affairs, England was contriving that encirclement of Germany, which was the main cause of the War.

Bülow pours unceasing contempt on the post-war politicians of Germany. Yet, compared with their monumental and heart-rending task, his was veritable child's-play. Does he include in this wholesale condemnation a figure who has just been manifested to the world in its full idealism by a romantic biographer? Bülow lived long enough to study the character and the public and private virtues of Stresemann. He refers to him once as a great orator, without other comment. Bülow prided himself on being a disciple of Bismarck. It was one of his few loyalties. We shall, unfortunately, never have the verdict of Bismarck on either Bülow or Stresemann. But it is not rash to assume that, were the Iron Chancellor able from his Walhalla to pass judgment on these two of his singular successors, he would have little hesitation in deciding which had best served the cause of his historical creation.

One Thing and Another.

By J. B. Morton.

[*Below will be found further extracts from the diary of my friend Mr. Charles Fiddington which began last month.*]

June 1*st.*—It seems to me that one of the healthiest signs of the times is the thorough organization of Walking, and particularly the establishment all over England of a chain of Youth Hostels. The time has gone by when we were content to do our walking in a haphazard kind of way, and there is no earthly reason why, within a year or two, this branch of national activity should not be placed on a business footing by a special committee of hygienists, selected by the Ministry of Health. "It stands to reason that proper nourishment is essential to any prolonged physical effort." I copy those words out of an article by a well-known doctor, and I think they give the death-blow to the old idea of depending on a chance inn for bread and cheese—an inn where, as often as not, it was impossible to get a hot bath at short notice.* You cannot expect an A1 race if you allow your young men to ruin their health by under-nourishment and all manner of unnecessary hardship.

Would it not be a good idea if the Government were to issue some sort of badge to all those who are interested in what has been well called the Rationalization of Walking.†

There is another point. Now that women Walk as much as men, we shall have to see to it that the Hostels are rather more tastefully planned than the old inns. It should be quite a simple matter to employ experts to supervise the furnishing, decorating and upholstering of tea-parlours in which Walkers will feel at home. And has anything been done in the matter of choosing a standardized emblem or sign to hang outside the Hostels? A multitude of different signs is not only confusing, but

* Or even a cocktail.

† I hear that this is already being discussed.

emphasizes the very type of individuality which it is the business of the organizers to get rid of.

June 3rd.—Derby Day.—A friend of mine has had great trouble with his chauffeur. It appears that the man recently joined a colony of gypsies. The colony is composed of ordinary working people who dress up as gypsies on special occasions, such as the Derby. The authorities, of course, can hardly forbid them to congregate on the Downs, because a night or two in the open is so healthy. The only danger is a clash with the real gypsies, who resent the appearance of these badly-disguised amateurs, and their greater ingenuity in extracting money from the credulous. My friend's chauffeur refused to drive him to the race, and was discovered last night in picturesque rags, and his face stained with walnut-juice. He was sacked on the spot.

June 4th.—I have been reading a very able book on Disarmament, written by a Professor Kraft, of Elbing, in East Prussia. After discussing the wave of Peace that is at present sweeping the world, the Professor points an accusatory finger at the one or two remaining strongholds of the old militarism. In a powerful chapter on the necessity for a wholesale revision of the absurd war-settlements, he points out with merciless logic that it is childish to talk of revising the Eastern frontiers as long as Poland is allowed to maintain an army.

Professor Kraft says that during a recent visit to England he found that not one young man in a hundred had even realized that a Polish race existed until the post-war fuss dragged the whole business out into the daylight.

Talking of Poland, I see that attention has again been drawn to the deplorable fate of Danzig. Severed from Germany, her trade is almost nil. No shipping visits her harbour. But only yesterday, I picked up a book in which Danzig was described as a flourishing port, full of shipping. Which version is one to believe?* Probably

* Ask anybody who has been there.

the second emanates from an interested party, and is, therefore, of no value.

June 6th.—My brother arrived in town. Complained bitterly that one could never be sure of seeing any Strindberg on the present-day English stage. I suppose a National Theatre would remedy this.*

June 9th.—A friend of mine, recently returned from Italy, was describing the innumerable processions of black-shirted men, and commented on the Latin love of dressing-up. Somebody said: "What about our boy-scouts and girl-guides"? My friend said that was quite different, since the boy-scout movement, far from being a political one, or having any serious object, was one of the healthiest things in modern life. Nothing, he said, disciplines youth so much as teaching it to act like a well-controlled machine, and a doctor who was present said that no man will ever be really fit until he exposes his knees night and day.

June 10th.—Reading a detailed explanation of Mr. Max Plowman's review of Mr. Middleton Murry's book about D. H. Lawrence. Rather difficult going. It has been explained to me by a writer that the difficulty lies in the fact that none of these people uses words in the conventional way, and that, therefore, it is not always possible to hit on the meaning of what they say. He said that it was almost as though they had a language of their own which nobody but themselves could understand. "But," he added, "whatever it is they are trying to do, one must admit that they have the strength of their convictions." Now I wonder what he meant by that.

There is a welcome rumour that there are to be three or four more book societies or guilds. We can do with them. They encourage the public to read. One of them, I hear, is to have an advisory committee consisting of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Dame Sybil

* It would.

Thorndike, Mr. C. E. M. Joad,* the Duchess of Atholl and Sir Harry Lauder.

June 11th.—Nothing of recent years has given music such a stimulus as the prize offered by a famous firm of toothpaste-manufacturers for the best Hymn to the League of Nations Union. If our young composers cannot draw inspiration from such a theme, they may as well stick to composing comic songs for revues.

These words, copied from a leading article, have impressed me considerably: "We have only to go on saying 'War is unthinkable,' to make it impossible. The repetition of such a slogan cannot but have the effect, by mass suggestion, of making everybody believe it and have faith in it. And faith is half the battle."

June 12th.—Liberal Party rallying again, according to my paper.

June 14th.—Somebody has sent me a cutting from the "Comments of the Week" in the *Week-End Review* of May 30th. The cutting reads as follows: "Apart from its well-oiled machinery, which has never yet been found wanting, Geneva is in a very real sense the bar of world public opinion." My correspondent has underlined the words "well-oiled" and "bar." A silly sort of joke.

June 15th.—My cousin writes me a long letter from his remote village. His chief news is that there has been a big Peace meeting in the Village Institute. The villagers were all convened and asked whether they were for or against War. Each of them had to sign his name before leaving, those who could not do so signifying their antagonism to War by making a cross on the paper. Apparently a newcomer somehow got into the building. He refused to sign, and asked what war it was which was being condemned. It was pointed out to him that war in itself was an evil, and was never justified. He then told them all that they had no sense of justice, and the ladies screamed. They managed to get him out of the

* The great philosopher.

building, and the vicar has warned everyone that there is a Bolshevik in their midst, and that he is all the more dangerous as he is an educated man. The next day the vicar tried to reason with this man, but the fellow told him that the whole place was rotten with humbug, and that it was time they all put their heads in bags.

The vicar consulted my cousin, and they decided that they are in a very delicate position. The man has a perfect right to live there. At first it was suggested that the police should be informed about him, but this presented difficulties, because not long ago the local landowner caught a policeman trying to burgle one of the cottages on his estate. The policeman promised, on condition that the thing should be hushed up, not to tell all he knew about the landowner's part in a certain accident at the cross-roads. The second suggestion was that a round-robin should be presented to the stranger, signed by all those who wanted him to go elsewhere. I await the *dénouement* with interest.

June 16th.—It is difficult to find out the truth about Russia, but in *Russia As It Really Is*, the author seems to be telling the absolute truth. To begin with, during his tour of the country, he had the advantage of being accompanied by a well-instructed guide, who knew the facts. Nor did the authorities in various towns make any objection to his request to be allowed to take notes of all he was told. They merely asked him to be distrustful of rumours, or of casual remarks made by those not of official status. Much of his material was gathered, on his return home, from the French paper *Humanité*, and he says in the introduction to this book that the Communist Party is ready to vouch for all his figures. The book contains an admirable description of one of the large rest-homes, where tuberculous patients and fatigued workers mingle freely in the spacious rooms of some palace of the old nobility. The prevalence of tuberculosis is due, of course, to the miserable and degraded serfdom of the masses before the revolution.

This evening, on my way home, I saw a very cheering thing. It was a poster. On it was written "A Call to Optimism." The name attached to it was that of a famous business man, who knows a great deal about the condition of England. To find him so sanguine somehow inspired me with confidence.

June 17th.—An interesting article in an evening paper on the influence of women on contemporary politics, and the enormous part they have played in the House of Commons since they won their independence. I rather wish the author had had the space to quote from some of the speeches of the women members. We are only too apt to underestimate the importance of women in contemporary life.

I also cut this out:

We to-day suffer from the delusion that what was morality for our fathers must necessarily be morality for us. You might as well say that we must not change the shape of our clothes. The healthiest kind of morality is that which is continually developing and expanding like a flower. That is why it is wicked for any parent to attempt to influence his or her children in such matters as love and marriage. Every generation must work out its own salvation, and blind obedience to dead ideas will never get us anywhere.

I heard more or less the same courageous ideas expressed in a play the other night. The heroine had stayed out all night, and her father was paying blackmail money to a card-sharper to keep the thing quiet. The girl's defence was that she had to express herself, and to gather experience, and finally she convinced her father that youth is right. "Youth," he says, "In some queer way is always right." "Attaboy!" replies the girl.

June 18th.—One of the political problems to be faced seems to me to be the apathy of the electorate. How are we to induce people to make use of the inestimable privilege of the vote? Perhaps a wider scheme of compulsory education will be necessary. Or perhaps some system of prizes might be instituted. Anyone who comes

to the poll before a certain hour might be given a quantity of cigarette cards, or enough coupons to purchase a dozen sticks of shaving soap or a motor bicycle.* It is obvious that some inducement must be held out. A man to whom I was talking at the club to-day said the whole thing was sheer laziness, and that the only remedy was to make abstention from the vote a criminal offence. He said you would soon discover that people would rather go to the poll than to prison, and that possibly the mere threat would be enough to crowd the booths once more. Somebody at once objected that such proceedings would destroy liberty. To which the other man retorted that we hadn't a shred of liberty left anyhow, and that it was a damned good thing too, because we weren't fit to be trusted with it. They got quite angry with each other. One said that was no way of arguing, and the other replied that he was tired of arguing and wanted action. And so on.

And now for a quiet hour with my *Adelphi*.

* I believe some such scheme is already being discussed.

Literary Notes

THE Hawthornden Prize this year, announced in a speech by Sir James Jeans, has gone to Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's "The End of the World." It is probable that the same author's "Mary Lee" and "Harvest in Poland" have been previously considered for this prize; however, Mr. Dennis has now won it, and that is the main point. What was the competition we shall never know. There is a rumour that Mr. John Collier's "His Monkey Wife" was in the running, and one paper quite definitely stated that the prize had gone to Mr. W. Olaf Stapledon's "Last and First." That was quite a plausible rumour; but if the paper in question had taken the trouble (and few papers will ever take the trouble to look up anything) to refer to the conditions of the Hawthornden Prize it would have discovered that Mr. Stapledon was several years over age. Over age; what is that? Well, in this instance, it is over forty-one. And why over forty-one? The explanation is simple. The Hawthornden Prize was established by Miss Alice Warrender just after the war; donor and committee agreed that what was wanted was a prize, involving some money and a great deal of publicity and encouragement for young writers.

* * *

"What is a young writer" was naturally the first question asked. It was found that there were two legal definitions of youth. The first gave twenty-one as a crucial age, the age of legal maturity. It was agreed at once that to offer a prize for works of imaginative literature by authors under the age of twenty-one would be to encourage what should not be encouraged. In "Tristram Shandy" "my father" casually remarks that the learned Lipsius composed a work at the age of three years. "They should have wiped it up," said my Uncle Toby. The age of twenty-one being ruled out the committee, in that year of 1919, sought about

for another legal definition of youth, and found one. Some bright spirit suggested that when war first broke out the maximum age allowed to recruits for the Army was forty-one. The War Office criterion was accepted, and the prize has been awarded on that basis ever since.

* * *

¶ It hasn't been so badly awarded. Amongst the recipients since 1919, when Mr. Edward Shanks was in full flower as a poet and was hailed as such by Sir Edmund Gosse and Maurice Hewlett, have been Edmund Blunden, John Freeman, Romer Wilson, R. H. Mottram, David Garnett, V. Sackville-West, Siegfried Sassoon, Sean O'Casey, and Henry Williamson; and there isn't one of them who hasn't increased his, or her, reputation since receiving the prize.

* * *

¶ The Prize has justified itself, as the Polignac Prize, which was in existence for some years before the war, justified itself. No committee can ever make sure of selecting for encouragement every good young author; and, committees being what they are, every committee must, on occasion, "crown" an author who is everybody's compromise rather than anybody's enthusiasm. But if once in five years, or ten years, or twenty years, or even a hundred years, an impecunious and obscure author of genius is assisted on the road to fame and comfort, a prize justifies itself. First-class writers are usually shy birds; and if you can give them confidence young you may make all the difference to them.

* * *

¶ Unreticence (if there be such a word) is increasing, and so is the habit of writing memoirs in youth. All previous efforts pale before Mr. William Gerhardi's "Memoirs of a Polyglot," which I mention, but do not recommend to anyone. Mr. Gerhardi, a British subject of mixed blood,

wrote (probably straight from life) a very amusing and vivid book about Russia, called "Futility," and has written several less amusing works since. He has now published reminiscences which are in considerable measure boastful and unpleasing records of amorous exploits. There is no saying what these young people can do, but the picture conjured up is odd. Almost everybody in the social, and almost everybody in the literary, world is mentioned in Mr. Gerhardi's index; but most of the names have only one entry opposite to them. There is a story about Oscar Wilde and Mr. Frank Harris. Mr. Harris was talking in a large way about his acquaintances, and Wilde answered: "Yes, Frank, we know you have dined in every house in London—once!" This, possibly, applies to Mr. Gerhardi; but, after this book, one feels tempted to add "never again" much more emphatically. Anything so boastful, complacent, and second-rate would be hard to find. It is a pity, as Mr. Gerhardi had, at one time, talents.

* * *

¶ The success in fiction (and there have been no great successes outside fiction) of the month was "Hatter's Castle," which was enthusiastically reviewed in our last number. It is probably indicative, as the success of Mr. Priestley was indicative. People are returning to the solid and the imaginary world; they are no longer content with post-war neuroses. Flat and stale now seem the works of the novelists, flippant or cynical, of the post-war era; we are returning to normal, to tragedy and comedy.

* * *

¶ And Mr. Priestley has come back from America "sorry he spoke." All kinds of rumours went about, but apparently all he said was that he found the skyscrapers of New York out of scale with humanity and American hospitality too overwhelming. His remarks were taken

as attacks; it is difficult for any Englishman to open his mouth, candidly, cordially, in America without being suspected of attack. If only the Americans could realize that we like and admire them, though having reservations about their achievements, to date, in the artistic sphere. I remember, years ago, landing in New York for the first time and being asked by a reporter what I thought of it. My answer was, as I looked at that island on which skyscrapers stood up like teeth in a partially empty mouth: "It will be magnificent when it is finished, if it ever is." It was meant to be a tribute. I thought in my own mind "New York may have a future, but London, I fear, has only a past." It wasn't taken in that spirit at all. All the emphasis was laid on the "unfinished" part of my sentiment. I was thoroughly unpopular.

PETER PIPER.

It is not true . . . .

By Gerald Gould

IT is not true the past, as all men say,
Abides for good or bad.
The thing we have not now can take away
Even the thing we had.

That only stays which lets no test deride
The faith it's fashioned of:
And, if love was to live, we should have died
When we believed in love.

Reviews of Books

ESSAYS OF A CATHOLIC LAYMAN IN ENGLAND. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)

PERHAPS the most painful criticism one has to make of Mr. Belloc's polemical essays is that he has suffered through devoting much labour to combating very stupid people. He could reasonably reply that he found the stupidity there; and that when it is the stupidity of such intelligent, ignorant, and extremely active men as Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, it is a very serious matter, and must be met on its own ground, with its own weapons, and before its own audience. And looking at the situation from another point of view, the spectacle of Mr. Belloc now whirling his longsword, and thundering his denunciations, over an almost deserted battlefield, is quite agreeable to watch. Yet the two weakest among this collection of essays are those in which he goes direct at Mr. Haldane and the Dean of St. Paul's. The trouble is perhaps that one ought to take infinite pains in attacking even the meanest antagonist; and if Mr. Haldane and Dean Inge are worth so much attention—which need not be assumed—they are worth a little more. When Mr. Belloc attached himself tenaciously to Mr. Wells's *Outline*, he provided good sport and did good service; but here his hand is a bit heavy, and his weapon rather blunt.

But if few of Mr. Belloc's individual enemies are as powerful as they seemed thirty years ago, the issues with which he is concerned are as perilous as ever. His peculiar function is to attack, not arguments, but *prejudices;* and prejudices are attacked, not with arguments, but with *convictions*. Those readers who are in sympathy with him—at least, on what seem to them the vital issues—will not be wholly satisfied. For instance, one of the most important subjects in the book, at the present time, is the secularization of the school system of England, and this essay on *The Schools* is to be commended. Those who already share Mr. Belloc's apprehensions are prepared for a more advanced discussion. But such an essay, and most of the essays, are for the direction of those readers, an important number, who have an open mind, but have not yet begun to think.

It would be pleasant to the reviewer if the convictions which he shared with Mr. Belloc were so generally accepted that he could afford to devote his time to those points where he finds himself in disagreement; it is unhappily not so. Among the good points which Mr. Belloc makes, which will have to be made again and again, are particularly two. One is that *religious* differences are at least as important as racial, linguistic or geographical. It is a misfortune that Britain and some of the most important parts of Europe have been governed largely by men without strong religious convictions; because it is precisely such men who

are most likely to make errors in foreign and colonial policy by underrating, or by being unable to sympathize with, the religious convictions of others. And the other point is that the accepted antithesis between Capitalism and Socialism is no more the ultimate division of political philosophies than the superannuated antithesis between Conservatism and Liberalism. It is the Fabians who have apotheosized "Capitalism." Mr. Belloc cannot remind us too often that there are older, as well as newer, political philosophies; or that there is a science more fundamental than the sciences of psychology and economics, and without which they are vain: the science of ethics. T. S. ELIOT.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS. By Professor HAROLD J. LASKI. (George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

THIS little book is in effect an introduction to the Politics of Professor Laski, and in particular to his larger book, "A Grammar of Politics." With his acute intelligence and wide learning, Professor Laski has arrived at certain conclusions which he wishes to commend to modern youth. This book contains his plain and simple message. Having regard to its importance and the limits which he has imposed upon himself, we should have expected greater care and accuracy in the exposition of his doctrine. But the book shows many signs of haste and imperfect revision. There are too many misprints, which either reverse the opinion intended to be expressed, or make the interpretation difficult and harass the reader.

In the exact and philosophical treatment of politics we have a right to demand sound definition and lucid phrasing. But what are we to make of this? "The state is a way of regulating human conduct." This is perhaps a little better: "The state is a territorial society divided into government and subjects." But all the members of the government are subjects like the rest, except if there be a King. I am perfectly sure that Professor Laski would severely condemn the following sentence if put forward by one of his pupils: "The value and dangers of the state depend upon our views of the ends which it is seeking to serve, and the way in which it seeks to serve them."

But let us set forth as clearly as we may, following very closely the words of our author, the doctrine itself. The "teleological justification" of the state (*i.e.* its essential end and purpose) is to satisfy as far as possible the demands of all its citizens. Each one of its citizens is seeking to be happy. Each has an equal right to happiness, and happiness consists in the satisfaction of desires, and the desires that matter are chiefly economic. Therefore the right of every citizen is the right to work at a reasonable wage, and for such hours of labour as "enable him

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to attain significance for himself; failing that, the right to decent maintenance." He has a right to knowledge, and therefore a right to education. He has a right to free speech (short of slander and libel and incitement to violence), a right to form such associations as he pleases for almost any purpose, to choose those persons who are to govern him, and to take part in governing if chosen by the voters. Even the civil servants are to be allowed to join such Trade Unions as they wish and to strike if they think fit. Only the police are denied the right to strike.

In order to realize these ends the state is compelled to hold the rich to ransom, in the effort to satisfy the demands of the poor. The passion for equality is a permanent feature of human nature. No state is secure save as it organizes the satisfaction of this sentiment. No social order will fulfil these conditions, so long as there are serious inequalities in the distribution of economic power.

In order that the state may be better able to cope with the demands of its citizens, it is to be loosely federated throughout by means of Associations, cutting criss-cross as they may, but entrusted with duties which are not defined by our author—still less, delimited. And in order that it may not go wrong, it is to be incorporated in an United States of the world, which will be useful—for instance—in securing fair treatment for the Jews in Rumania and the negroes in South Africa.

Mr. Laski will no doubt be satisfied that I have done justice to his picture, so far as my slender abilities suffice. But I am not quite satisfied. I read a great deal about demands for happiness, but nothing about duties—all the duties fall upon the state, which will have only one difficulty, that of satisfying the demand of the police to realize their personality by striking. All the state has got to do is to find work for all and equal pay for all; or failing that, decent maintenance. Work is not defined as a duty, it ranks as a demand. But there are so many different kinds of work. Who is to have the hard jobs and who the soft jobs? Who is to have the clean jobs and who the dirty jobs? Who is to have the tedious jobs and who the amusing jobs? Everyone has a right to knowledge; and therefore a right to education. I observe that the right, which is demanded, is not the right to wisdom. Even Mr. Laski's omnipotent and omniscient state, controlled by universal suffrage but not by a sense of duty, could not in all cases satisfy the voters' reasonable demand for wisdom.

Space forbids me to comment on Mr. Laski's views on the appointment of judges, on proportional representation, on the initiative and the referendum, on the virtues or disvirtues of a

Second Chamber. Such questions are eclipsed by the importance of the demand for equality of status and remuneration, and the unimportance of civic duty. STANLEY LEATHES.

NEW NOVELS

THE GRASSHOPPERS COME. By David Garnett. (Chatto and Windus. 5s.).
THALASSA. By Mary McHugh. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).
ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville-West. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.).
CHALLENGE TO CLARISSA. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

IT has become a commonplace of criticism to call Mr. David Garnett the modern Defoe. His matter-of-factness, which had the shock of originality when he wrote his first novel, has now become his accepted norm. His admirers would be not unnaturally disturbed if he were suddenly to launch into purple hyperboles; yet, at the same time, such is the caprice of the human mind, they begin to consider easy what they had hailed as exquisite. But to write in a level, controlled manner is not so easy as the result would appear to suggest. Emotional indulgence is the temptation and not infrequently the disaster of artists. In "The Grasshoppers Come" two men and a woman undertake a long-distance flight from England to Hong-Kong. Mrs. Beanlands, a rich widow with a desire for adventure, charters the airplane; Commander Snap, an adventurer not so adventurous, is observer; Wreaks, a flying instructor, is pilot. An oil pipe bursts and the airplane crashes in the Gobi Desert. Wreaks twists his ankle badly in the accident and is left with his share of the scanty provisions while the other two leave to find help. They are not heard of again. Wreaks is saved from starvation by the arrival of a locust swarm, and is eventually rescued by a Chinese pilot who has been sent in the interests of science to watch the track of the locusts. Such a situation lends itself to emotional emphasis. The marooned Wreaks could have been made to play the whole gamut of the emotions. Hope, fear, despair, madness could have been underlined until they battered at the reader's brain. But Mr. Garnett does not exploit the situation, he observes it. Wreaks' sufferings and expedients are related with vividness and circumstantiality. The locust swarms are described with the observant interest of a naturalist. An air of reality pervades the whole. This, we feel, has taken place. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Garnett has not experienced the same disaster as his characters: has not flown over Moscow (so vivid is his picture of that city as seen from the air): and has not been forced to roast locusts for his dinner. The modern journalist, who seeks to rouse our excitement by lavishing on his scene the whole paint-box of his vocabulary, merely makes what is actual to seem unreal; Mr. Garnett with his uncoloured style and economy of statement can make unreality actual. Defoe has been taken as his inspiration, but there is

another less obvious and elaborate similarity to Stendhal. Both have an even, cool style, both evince a distaste for the emotional romantic idiom, what Stendhal called *la phrase au Chateaubriand*. But Stendhal is more consistent in his distaste. Mr. Garnett tends occasionally to lyricism. In "The Grasshoppers Come" he has a prologue and epilogue on locusts in the desert, which has tempted him to a little fine writing. He hints an analogy between the erratic flights of the insects and the airplanes above the aerodrome, an analogy which has little depth or illumination and which is a blemish on what is otherwise so admirable a work.

"Thalassa" is the story of a childhood. Few subjects can be more dangerous to undertake or more dispiriting to read. Literary narcissism is almost as prevalent a disease among the young as measles or scarlatina. The neophyte hastens to weave into a novel his vicissitudes in the nursery, at school, and at the university. He portrays himself larger than life, oblivious of the fact that such enlargement too often reveals blemishes which a more modest miniature would have concealed. But Miss McHugh cannot be accused of narcissism. Rousseau somewhere remarked that an artist should be *un ours sensible*, apprehending experience aloof from the centre of the scene. Miss McHugh has that quality of apprehending and translating without distortion. The reader is never conscious of her personality obtruding into the foreground. In a prose singularly clear, limpid and sustained she describes the scenes of Western Ireland in her childhood when it was a more lonely, a remoter place than now. The varying characters of the inhabitants, the rough races, the wild seas, the wrecks, the fishermen are reviewed with a distinction which diminishes and eventually overcomes a personal objection to the genre.

"All Passion Spent" has been called a study of extreme old age. That is an easy description which ignores the underlying conception of the book. For old age is not the central theme but is rather enlisted as an ally to make probable the microcosm Miss Sackville-West depicts, in which material considerations are relegated to the background they should properly keep. The study of Lady Slane's old age is incidental. But it is the more attractive. Miss Sackville-West has an admirable gift for describing the aristocratic figures of public life. Lord Slane, ex-Viceroy and Prime Minister, lies dead; and as he lies in death his character is illuminated for us in a few pages which cast at the same time an oblique gleam on that of his widow who sits beside him. Downstairs, his children, mainly middle-aged and material, discuss what they shall do with their mother. But Lady Slane, glad at last to have the prospect of a few years of peace from public life, quietly announces to her concerned and obscurely offended family her intention of retiring, in the company of her French maid, to a small house at Hampstead which she had seen thirty

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years before. She arranges matters with its eccentric landlord, Mr. Bucktrout. He prepares the house for her with the help of seventy-year-old Mr. Gosheron.

> "Mr. Bucktrout had strange and beautiful ideas; he was never in a hurry; he would break off in the middle of business to talk about Descartes or the satisfying quality of pattern. . . . . Mr. Gosheron was never in a hurry either. He spoke very little, and always in a low voice. He deplored the decay of craftsmanship in the modern world; refused to employ trades-union men and had assembled a troop of workmen most of whom he had trained himself and who were consequently so old that Genoux was sometimes afraid they would fall off their ladders. The workmen, too, had entered into a conspiracy to please Lady Slane."

When Lady Slane is settled in she is visited by another eccentric, Mr. Fitzgeorge, a millionaire-collector who lived like a pauper and who had met her once in India.

> "There were three of them now, three old gentlemen—Mr. Bucktrout, Mr. Gosheron and Mr. Fitzgeorge. A funny trio—an agent, a builder and a connoisseur! All old, all eccentric, and all unworldly."

This, you see, is more than a study of Lady Slane's old age. This quadrupling of unworldly figures is for a larger purpose. Miss Sackville-West is making a plea for the unmaterial outlook. Against the squabbling, mean, material, sordid world of Lady Slane's children she contrasts a world "ruled not by sense but by sentiment. A world in which one took other people's delicacy and nice feelings for granted." Mr. Bucktrout remarks—

> "The world, Lady Slane, is pitiably horrible. It is horrible because it is based upon competitive struggle—and really one does not know whether to call the basis of that struggle a convention or a necessity. Is it some delusion, or is it a law of life? Is it perhaps an animal law from which civilization may eventually free us? At present it seems to me, Lady Slane, that man has founded all his calculations upon a mathematical system fundamentally false."

Miss Sackville-West realizes that the only way to make an uncompetitive microcosm appear human and probable to a cynical world is to people it with inhabitants who are old and eccentric. Old age, for some illogical reason, sanctions, for hard-headed persons, an attitude which else they would term foolish, poetical and idealistic. Against the ponderables of wealth and position Miss Sackville-West places imponderables. Mr. Fitzgeorge says to Lady Slane—

> "Nothing matters to an artist except the fulfilment of his gifts. You know that as well as I do. Frustrated, he grows crooked like a tree twisted into an unnatural shape. All meaning goes out of life, and life becomes an existence—a makeshift. Face it, Lady Slane. Your children, your husband, your splendour were nothing but obstacles that kept you from yourself. They were what you chose to substitute for your real vocation. You were too young, I suppose, to know any better, but when you chose that life you sinned against the light."

He points his words by leaving Lady Slane his collection valued at over two millions. But she had learnt her lesson, and, to the fury of her children, gives the collection to the nation, and when her great-grand-daughter, who has broken an extremely eligible engagement in order to follow music, comes to her, she gives her encouragement and her blessing before she dies.

Lady Slane's great-grand-daughter would have excited the liveliest contempt in Clarissa Fitzmaurice. For Clarissa had one unshakable conviction; that money is the most important thing in the world, that she could buy anyone and anything with money. "The thing I'm afraid of," Fitzmaurice says on the first page of the book, "is that she means to marry me." Although he had at that time a wife and child he was right. Clarissa gets him to divorce his wife and takes over his daughter as her own. Ten years later she is with her own son (by an earlier marriage) and her step-daughter in a house in Berkeley Square. She is out for social success. Sophie must marry well; and Clarissa supervises her dressing, her hair-waving, her complexion; takes her to dances, arranges house-parties, pulls strings to that end. A successful marriage by Sophie will establish Clarissa's social position more firmly. Her son, Lucien, she is reserving for later triumphs. The one thing that she is determined to prevent is marriage between Lucien and Sophie. She has therefore insisted from their first meeting on what her graceless husband calls "this brother and sister business." Her ruthless ambition, her calculating moves and counter-moves and their final defeat have been observed with Miss Delafield's detached and penetrating eye. No one can make social contacts and interests so exciting. Miss Delafield lets her characters talk, Clarissa particularly, and she gives such a twist to their talk that they reveal their inward minds to the reader, while preserving their mask before the other characters. And she remains impartial. She does not sentimentalize her unworldly characters to blacken the worldly ones by contrast. Lucien and Sophie are delightful but they are also human and fallible; so are Miss Fish and the Princesse de Candi-Laquerrière and the rest of the characters who give such zest and sharpness to the manœuvrings of Clarissa. Some remain attractive in spite of their faults, others do not. Clarissa does not. But just as, when faces so dazzling in the evening light are exposed to the cold light of dawn, we do not need anyone to tell us how displeasing a display they make, so after Clarissa has been exposed to Miss Delafield's ironic and unshadowed stare, it is supererogatory to remark how worthless are all her type.

R. McNair Scott.

THE RIDDLE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Sir EDWIN HOSKYNS and NOEL DAVEY. (Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d.)

NEW Testament scholarship has moved a long way since this antithesis, Jesus or Christ, was propounded and it was commonly assumed that we could discern in the documents the transformation of an idealistic peasant-prophet into a cosmic and divine Saviour. We have seen the ethical Teacher of Liberal Protestantism dethroned by the sublime but deluded Apocalyptist of Dr. Schweitzer, and the enlightened Rabbi of Dr. Klausner challenged by Dr. Bousset's Lord of the Mysteries. More recently the belief that the various elements which criticism had discovered in the record, Q and the Testimonia, St. Mark's Gospel and St. Luke's special source, contained conflicting pictures and that we must decide between them, has itself been vigorously assailed; and purely textual and literary studies have given place to a closer attention to the background, circumstances and form of the narratives.

The present volume represents this recent tendency to emphasize the underlying unity of the witness of the whole New Testament, and to protest against the humanitarian portrait of Jesus as prophet or reformer, idealist or revolutionary. The authors follow a line similar to that of Mr. Douglas Edwards in *The Shining Mystery of Jesus*, but their method is much more critical and scientific. They bring forward a well-chosen selection of examples from the language and the various documents of the New Testament, and demonstrate clearly and often conclusively that these point to a historical life and death, regarded from the first as a creative and redemptive Act of God, and to a primitive Christology fundamentally the same as the Pauline and Johannine faith. They maintain that historical criticism, while unable to define the dating or authorship of the documents with any certainty, proves that behind all the records stands a unique personality, Son of Man and Son of God, the conscious fulfilment of Old Testament aspiration, the conscious deliverer from sin and death. Much of the argument is already familiar to students; but many points of interest and novelty are raised; and the whole is set out in untechnical language and sufficient detail to be easily grasped. Several of the chapters and many pieces of exegesis are admirable and illuminating.

The book is weakened by its failure to recognize that there are in fact differences of emphasis in the various sources; by too sweeping generalizations, and occasional exaggeration, as when it is urged that there is no heightening of the miraculous in St. Matthew; by a somewhat obtrusive apologetic and a tendency to speak pontifically of historical criticism when the authors mean themselves. Nor is it either wise or practicable to dismiss the questions of dating and authorship, since ultimately upon

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these will depend the proof that the tradition, even if uniform, represents an historic personality. Moreover there are several misprints and two serious mistakes in the Bibliography.

But these are mainly matters which further and fuller development of the thesis can correct. The book as it stands is not so conclusive as its authors claim; but it contains much that is of high value, and we believe that an increasing weight of scholarship will be found to endorse its main conclusions. C. E. RAVEN.

THE THEORY OF DRAMA. BY ALLARDYCE NICOLL. (Harrap. 8s. 6d.)

WHEN Prof. Allardyce Nicoll writes one is tempted to think of the Polonian categories, so carefully does he differentiate between the pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical and tragical-comical-historical-pastoral. His new volume, or rather his old one *An Introduction to Dramatic Theory*, expanded and revised, reviews its vast subject from "the very dawn of European theatrical art in ancient Greece down to our present days," and there would be a certain malicious and undergraduate pleasure in finding something omitted from that boundless, cloudless, inhuman view. But that is inconceivable. Prof. Nicoll knows his subject from alpha to omega, and having a genius for marshalling facts and pigeon-holing theories he works steadily, unswervingly and inevitably through the whole alphabet.

To those who already know the earlier work the chapter on tragi-comedy will prove an important addition, and the final page of this chapter and of the book proper most important of all. Here it is that the author sums up his contention that drama can best be understood as a strictly non-realistic art however much it may seem to take its life from the actions and thoughts of mortal men and women. Again he would emphasize that the key to its understanding is that of classification by kinds; and he proceeds to show the relationship between four fundamental attitudes to life and their reflections in tragedy, the comedy of humour, comedy, and *drama*. That, broadly, is the theory of the book. Its method is one of analysis for purposes of this classification and its more subtle sub-divisions.

This theory and its implications gives to Prof. Nicoll's book an underlying unity. We see the most varied forms of drama linked together as related or contrasted expressions of a four-faceted philosophy, and we can proceed to study the means adopted by individual dramatists or types of drama for that expression, whilst the art of criticism throughout the ages endeavours to toe the line of Prof. Nicoll's definitions. Released from his spell one can imagine other and equally convincing theories, but certainly within the covers of this volume the argument is complete and convincing. It is, as all Prof. Nicoll's books are, a *tour de force* of scholarship.

One thing is lacking: emotion. If there were a single exclamation mark in the whole work! But Allardyce Nicoll remains abstract and omniscient, the last of the line of Aristotle, and scarcely more alive. HORACE SHIPP.

ECONOMY AND NAVAL SECURITY. By ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND. (Benn. 8s. 6d.)

THE space at my disposal is wholly inadequate to do justice to Sir Herbert Richmond's latest book, a book which comes at a time when the matters with which it deals are of vital importance, not only to this country, but to the maritime nations of the world. With the lucidity that illuminates all Sir Herbert Richmond's writing, and with that historical perspective of which he is, perhaps, the greatest living master in maritime affairs, he examines the foundations of sound naval strategy and shows that security and economy are in no way opposed to one another. As an exponent of traditional naval doctrine he is, of necessity, in the company of Mahan, Colomb and Custance, and equally, of necessity, a stern critic of that school of thought of which Lord Fisher was the apostle and the Navy of to-day is the climax.

He soundly condemns all those features of our modernist Navy which reveal a passion for material divorced from sound strategical and tactical thought. Because, as he reminds us, ship construction and weapons should be "applied strategy" he strongly criticizes the cult of "bigness," whether in ships or weapons, and the craze for speed that is bought at too great a cost in fighting strength. His criticisms of the Navy that Lord Fisher fathered are, necessarily, on the conventional lines of what is known as "the Blue Water School," but when he turns to the future, and to concrete proposals, his views will command particular attention. Thus, to give briefly his constructive proposals, he advocates with unanswerable logic the need for an early return to a European Two Power standard in "ships of the line," a portion of the fleet which, he argues, we should make relative to other Powers. Our cruisers, on the other hand, are governed by our absolute needs, and their numbers should be absolute. He proposes, I think wisely, to make the German battle-ships the criterion. France should then state the size of the battle fleet she needs relatively to Germany, followed by the other nations. Great Britain can then make a public statement of her Two Power standard in ships of the line, while all nations build what cruisers they consider needful. Convoy, it need hardly be said, is to him a bedrock principle in securing trade. Admiral Richmond, like other famous naval students, emphasizes therefore the need of numbers as opposed to great individual size. He deprecates

hard and fast rules about gun calibres, speed and so forth, but in advocating an agreed limit in the individual tonnage of ships he makes an exception, and, I think, a mistake. In fixing the tonnage limit below that necessary to mount the ideal gun-armament, he is advocating a policy that invites, at some future date, a debacle not unlike the debacle inflicted on this country when Lord Fisher, with his Dreadnought policy, scrapped the Navies of the world and gave Germany an opportunity which was seized. This, however, is a matter for debate. In all other matters Sir Herbert Richmond has made a contribution to the Naval Armament Conference, pending in 1932, which is outstanding, and which will be welcome indeed to that large and growing body of informed Naval opinion, professional and lay, which is convinced that the Navies of all nations have, in the generation now closing, been founded upon grave strategical heresies, and with results that came near to proving disastrous in the late war. BERNARD ACWORTH.

THE DIPLOMATIST. By JULES CAMBON. (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.)

IN an age when it has become almost second nature on the part of politicians and publicists to sneer at pre-war diplomacy, this book from the master hand of a Cambon is particularly welcome. France has always been blessed with a diplomatic service second to none, and, as the present writer very truly points out, the Third Republic has been especially fortunate in this respect. It was Barrère in Rome, Paul Cambon in London, and Jules Cambon himself in Berlin, who built up that coalition of Powers that wiped out the disgrace of 1870 in the triumph of 1918. The war was won by arms and not by diplomacy, but it was the latter that transformed France in forty years from the Cinderella of Europe into the leading member of a powerful alliance.

M. Cambon naturally recalls these events, in which he played so prominent a part, but he is no mere *laudator temporis acti*, for he fully realizes that the improvement in the means of communication has changed the status of the diplomatist. In Great Britain it was Canning who first began to control effectively ambassadors and ministers from the Foreign Office, and, curiously enough, the last English diplomatist to enjoy real independence was his cousin, Stratford. Since then, first the telegraph, and now the telephone, have done their work, and little initiative is left to the national representatives abroad. Yet, as M. Cambon quite rightly says, a diplomatist who agrees with everything that his Government tells him is little use, for it is his duty to express his own opinions, even if they differ from those of his official chiefs. He has the specialized knowledge of the country to which he is accredited, and he must see that it is at the disposal of his own Government.

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Mr. A. P. Nicholson, in this remarkable novel, has drawn a picture of human drama in a setting of Society, the Houses of Parliament, and the Law Courts. An observer of affairs of established reputation, and an accomplished author, he knows all the scenes in which his story moves.

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On its historical side, this book contains more than a little that it will do some of our democrats good to digest. M. Cambon shows how the foreign policy of a nation is dictated by circumstances over which politicians have rarely any real control. France, for example, whether monarchical or republican, has always been the friend of the smaller States of Europe, and since the sixteenth century she has made it her business to cultivate good relations with those who lie to the East of her Teutonic neighbour. Changes of regime, and the advent of democracy, have made no real difference, for although the terms used may not be the same, the end in view is unaltered. There is, *pace* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, little place for sentiment in foreign policy, and none at all for sentimentality. As the author says:—

> . . . "The ministers who succeed one another under a regime of this kind (i.e. a democracy) are not necessarily statesmen, and are therefore all the more in danger of being swayed in their conduct of affairs by sentimentality or party prejudice. It may therefore be safely asserted, paradoxical though it may sound, that a regular diplomatic service with its own traditions is even more essential to a democratic republic than to a monarchy."

M. Cambon is full of examples culled from diplomatic history, but nothing in this book is so good as his analysis of the characters and policies of Metternich and Talleyrand. This is French criticism at its best, and the work deserves to be read for this alone. For the rest, no man should in future presume to write or talk about diplomacy who has not fully digested what the author has to say.

CHARLES PETRIE.

HIGHER COMMAND. By EDLEF KÖPPEN. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)

THE most interesting fact about this book is its form, which is very original. In addition to some of the most vividly realistic descriptions of a field artilleryman's experiences on the Western and Russian Fronts that I have ever read, it also contains a running commentary, satirical and ironic, which has been deliberately introduced to throw into clearer and more cruel relief the intense sufferings of the rank and file. The commentary is an extraordinary mixture, and as set forth produces two effects upon the mind; one (which the author desired to produce) of the unreality of everything except the daily duties and dangers at the Front; the other a sense of the absurdity of attempting to provide such a contrast. The commentary consists of pompous orders by the Kaiser; the blood-and-thunder orders of the Higher Command Generals; the petty and, at times, fatuous orders of lesser commanders; the official and carefully prepared lies of newspapers and propaganda publications; the concocted reports from the Front, and the false optimism of those who cheered on the troops from safe places in Germany. Nothing is omitted,

not even tables of prices and times in various brothels in towns behind the lines. There can be no doubt that this commentary, which is very cunningly dispersed throughout the book, does succeed in heightening the horrors of war which the author describes. After a certain period in the war, few front line troops were impressed by official pronouncements describing the results of certain engagements. These pronouncements were rarely, if ever, in accord with the facts as known to the actual combatants. It must be admitted, therefore, that the author has succeeded, by his particular method, in showing that war, as experienced by those actually engaged in the fighting, is an entirely different thing to war experienced far back behind the lines. The book will be praised because of this successful use of satire, but it is, in fact, just this use of satire which is also the book's main weakness. The truth is that war should be pilloried by the use of satire on the absurdity of engaging in it, not on the absurdity of fighting once the issue is joined. The horrors are, or should be, accepted as inevitable from the moment the war begins, and in accepting these it is no less necessary to realize that the contrasts will certainly be horrible, cruel, fantastic, absurd, even incredible. But in modern war these contrasts are part of a vast organized effort on both sides of the will to win in a life and death struggle. To those who realize this fact, this book will be found more remarkable for the descriptions of the courage and endurance of the artilleryman, Reisiger (its main character) who did his duty, than for the bombastic orders of the Higher Command or the other comments from behind the lines. Reisiger did what he was told to do, which is the first and last duty of a humble soldier up to the final limits of human endurance. The laughter of the high gods over the folly of humans engaged in war, can only be ignored in the actual conflict; the orders of those in command can only be obeyed, and the satirical contrasts in the conditions of the lives and behaviour of individuals accepted as inevitable. The only alternative is refusal to fight at all, or desertion because the mind refuses to subordinate itself to any and every kind of order which may, and does, involve, horror, cruelty, incredible endurance, wounds and death. FREDERICK HEATH.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF SOME REPRESENTATIVE THINKERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ERA. Edited by F. J. C. HEARNSHAW. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the sixth volume of this important series, and we warmly welcome it. The articles all follow the beaten track, for Prof. McElroy examines the theorists of the American Revolution and Prof. Veitch performs the same office for the early English Radicals. It is clear that all the writers aim more at interpretation than at any addition to our knowledge.

The signal exception to this statement is the valuable survey of the German thinkers of the Revolutionary era which comes from the competent pen of Prof. Atkins. Surely eighteen pages is a short space for a subject which has seldom received treatment in English. Mr. Allen writes freshly on the astonishing career of Jeremy Bentham, bringing out the opposed qualities of a singularly fruitful career. There is nothing better in the whole book than the editor's own vigorous appreciation of the contribution of Edmund Burke to political philosophy. Dr. Hearnshaw really knows his Burke, and he enables his readers to grasp the fundamentals of his thought more firmly than perhaps they had done. Burke's importance was never greater than it is to-day. So far as the French Revolution was defeated by reason, it was he who defeated it. Some of its conquests remained after the resettlement of 1815; but the things which were of most essence, the things which Burke most hated, were entirely repudiated throughout the world. And the repudiation has continued till the great disturbance of 1917 and the years which have followed it. It is true that in the Russia of to-day, as in the France of Burke's indignation, more acts of tyranny have been committed in a month by the supposed friends of the people than were committed by the despots in many years. But the cure when it comes will be final, or at least long-lasting, whereas if Lenin and his successors had been hanged by foreigners after ruling a week, other fools or knaves might have been allowed to try once more the same fatal experiments. Now, when Russia comes to herself again, whatever in her is honest and has a grain of intelligence will have learnt Burke's lesson, that abstract and universal theories of perfection are entirely out of place in a business so entirely dependent as is the art of politics on the varying natures and the varying past histories of the peoples to whom it is applied.

R. H. MURRAY.

A SURVEY OF BURLESQUE AND PARODY IN ENGLISH. By GEORGE KITCHIN. (Oliver and Boyd. 16s. net.)

THE proportion of readers to whom parody appeals may now be comparatively small, but Dr. Kitchin is justified in regarding that kind of criticism as an index to the literary taste of successive generations. The mediæval burlesques or parodies carried about Europe by wandering scholars were well suited to the humour of times when few could read; and the chivalric influences, in the early dawn of the "new" learning, led to the day when Chaucer came as the father, not only of English poetry, but also of parody as a true art. *Sir Thopas* gave an example which set many witty pens to work throughout the ages. A lively spirit flits about Dr. Kitchin's pages suggesting that burlesque

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lurks in many places where its presence has rarely been noticed, as in the Arthurian Romances and the Waverley Novels!

The author is rather too fond of superlatives. Disagreeing with Professor Saintsbury's statement that the song of Mr. Cypress in *Nightmare Abbey* is "by general consent the finest parody ever written," and recalling Gosse's opinion that Swinburne's imitation of Mrs. Browning is "perhaps the very best parody in existence," Dr. Kitchin tells us on one page that Mr. A. E. Housman's *Fragment of a Greek Tragedy* would "have to be considered for the first place in English parody, if one were rash enough to name any piece," on another page that Mr. Max Beerbohm is "an equal at least to the greatest parodist that has ever lived," and on yet another page that he regards Catherine Fanshawe's diverting Wordsworth imitation as "the best parody in the English tongue." When Dr. Kitchin expresses wonder that as "a mere girl" Jane Austen "led" the satiric reaction against sentimentalism and "Terrorism" in fiction we remember that though *Love and Friendship* was written when she was only about fourteen, and *Northanger Abbey* also in her girlhood, neither was published in her lifetime of forty-two years. He speaks of "Jane Austen's play, *The Lovers' Vows*," but the piece rehearsed at Mansfield Park was Mrs. Inchbald's version of Kotzebue's drama.

Mallock's parody of "decadent" poetry, in *The New Republic*, may not aim at perfectly good sense, but as quoted by Dr. Kitchin it is made nonsense through the omission of a genitive and several changes in punctuation. Such slips are not to be regarded as characteristic of this attractive book, filled, through its nearly four hundred pages, with the fruits of research in a literary forest where the author had frequently to clear his own path. The pages dealing with the conditions wherein *Don Juan*, "our most splendid satire," came to be written, may be noted as illustrating the mingling of knowledge and critical comment which gives the book a high value for students of our native satirists.

W. H. HELM.